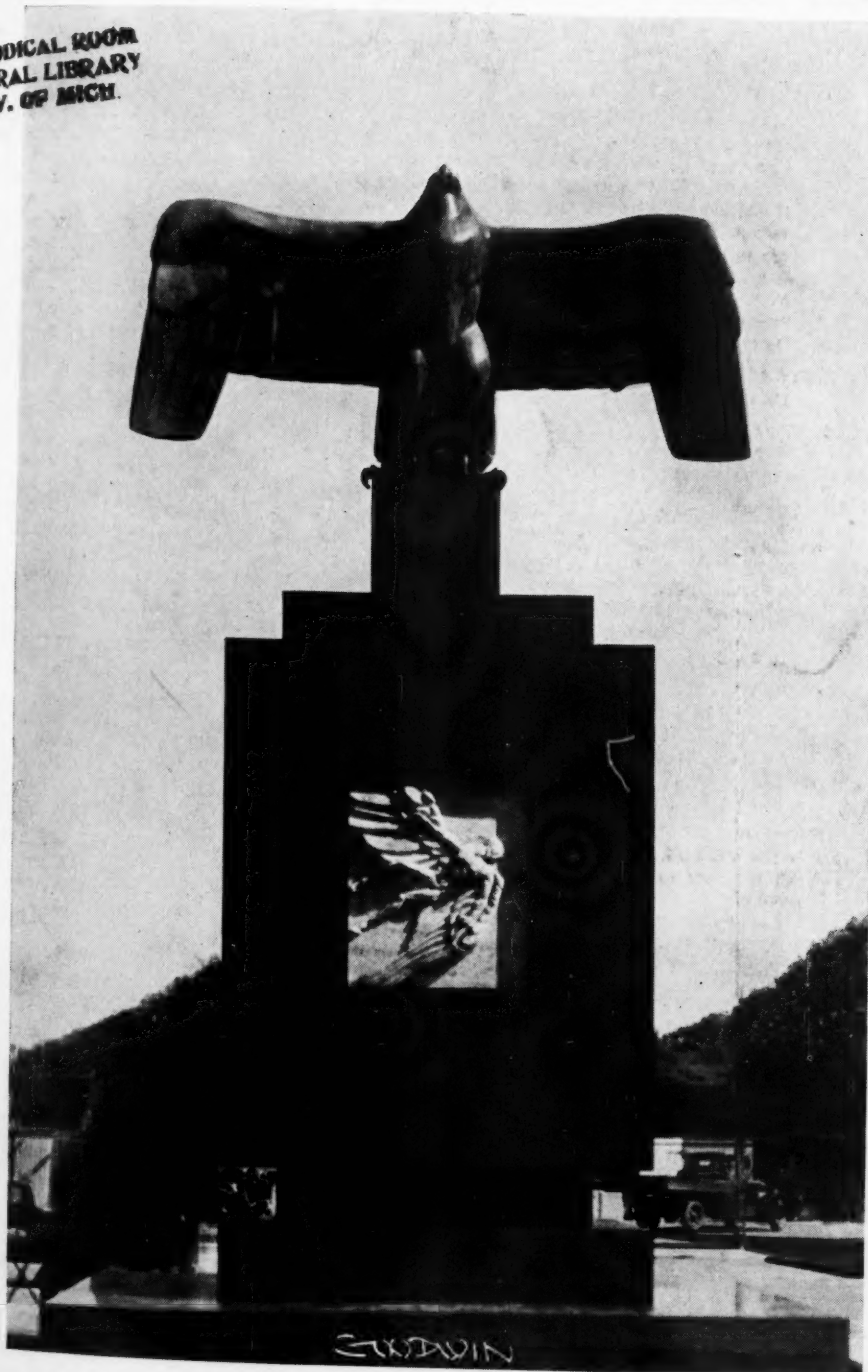


AUGUST, 1931

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AUGUST, 1931

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FINANCIAL NOTES

DANISH SUGAR INDUSTRIES PAY DIVIDENDS

The large Danish sugarbeet interests, known as the Danske Sukkerfabriker, recently issued a statement in connection with the announcement of a 10 per cent dividend for the year 1930. In it was pointed out that a tantieme of 1,571 öre for each 100 kilogram of sugarbeet was paid over the contracted price to the growers. This, added to another extra payment to the growers, amounted to about 600,000 kroner. After the payment of these claims and after having added to the reserve fund of the companies, the net earnings for the factories proved to be only half of the previous year's earnings, 1,200,000 kroner against 2,400,000 kroner. A 10 per cent dividend was declared the previous year.

CONVERTING OF NORWEGIAN LOANS

It is reported in the Norwegian daily press that banks have urged on the Finance Department of the government that the loans at 6½ per cent of 1921, also known as the electricity loans, and the 1½ per cent 1926 loans should be converted. It has been pointed out by the banking interests that if the loans are to be converted then, they must be ratified before July 1. The Finance Department has the power from the Storting to do this. The loans are about 45,000,000 kroner and 95,000,000 kroner respectively.

SWEDISH S.K.F. COMPANY PAYS 10 PER CENT DIVIDEND

The S.K.F. Ballbearing Company of Gothenburg for 1930 reports a net profit of 16,620,000 kroner against 21,420,000 kroner last year. The dividends were therefore reduced from 12 to 10 per cent. The balance sheet for the whole concern, including foreign subsidiaries, shows total assets amounting to nearly 250,000,000 kroner. The mother company's capital stock is 130,000,000 kroner and there are undistributed profits of 31,370,000 kroner with a reserve fund of over 13,000,000 kroner. The book value of the company's portfolio amounts to 88,250,000 kroner with an average yield of about 7 per cent.

The Swedish works employ nearly six thousand men.

DANISH INSURANCE COMPANIES SHOW GREAT EARNINGS

Annual reports of several Danish insurance companies have shown that they operated with great financial benefit during the last fiscal year. Thus the insurance company Baltica shows net earnings well in excess of 1,000,000 kroner against not quite 500,000 kroner during 1929. The aggregate stock capital of the company, which was increased with nearly 1,000,000 kroner during the year, is now 7,000,000 kroner, and a dividend of 10 per cent was declared. The cooperative insurance company Tryg also turned in a profitable annual budget, with net earnings of 461,000 kroner. This company carries insurance to a value of 124,000,000 kroner and is one of the leading companies in Denmark. Its budget shows that a total of 2,300,000 kroner were paid out to insured, either at death or because the policies were finished and had matured. Nord og Syd, another insurance com-

pany, showed earnings of 25,434 kroner, with 1,125,000 kroner paid out to insured. The reserve fund was increased with nearly 500,000 kroner. This company did not pay any dividends.

SWEDISH MATCH TRUST PAYS DIVIDEND

The so-called Swedish Match Trust reported at its recent annual meeting earnings of 75,000,000 kronor. An added dividend of 10 per cent was voted, making 15 per cent for this year, as an advance dividend of 5 per cent was paid earlier. In cash this dividend represents somewhat over 40,000,000 kronor. The remainder of the earnings, nearly 50,000,000 kronor, was turned into the reserve fund. The board of directors was empowered by the stockholders to pay a 5 per cent dividend later in the year as an advance on the 1931 dividends.

A SWEDISH OPINION ON THE WORLD DEPRESSION

J. Sigrid Edström, leading Swedish industrialist and head of the Swedish General Electric Company, known as the "Asea" of Vesterås, who recently returned to Sweden after having attended the International Trade Conference in Washington, has expressed the belief that the present trade depression is merely a period of rest.

In interviews Mr. Edström, who was fêted in New York with a special luncheon at the headquarters of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, remarked on the great difference in America in 1929 and in 1931. In the first mentioned year, he said, he found unbounded optimism among business leaders of the United States, whereas this year's visit had revealed bottomless pessimism. In the same interviews he said that by comparison Great Britain showed more confidence in the business outlook, adding that conditions there perhaps were better on the whole than in the United States.

Mr. Edström expressed satisfaction with the work of the Swedish delegation at the conference. Consul General Joseph Sachs, head of the Nordiska Kompaniet in Stockholm, one of the largest department stores in the Scandinavian countries, was warmly applauded and praised for his efficient work as head of one of the special groups of the conference. Another who distinguished himself among the delegates was Vilhelm Lundvik, commercial counselor and former Swedish Minister of Commerce.

DANISH RAILWAYS SHOW DEFICIT

A total deficit for the year 1930 to 1931 of nearly 32,000,000 kroner is expected by the Danish State Railways, according to newspaper reports based on the amount of business already done during this period. The deficit and the poor financial showing of the railroads is blamed on the increased truck shipping. Other factors, according to the newspapers, are the decrease in shipping in general, due to the depression and to the fact that all livestock export to Germany has been stopped. The Minister of Transportation has been investigating the great losses with a view to finding methods of alleviating them.

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CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Monument to Fallen Aviators, by Carl Milles, has just been erected at Karlaplan in Stockholm. It was unveiled May 15 at the opening of the International Aviation Exhibition, Prince Carl making the speech of dedication.

The desire of Swedish astronomers for a thoroughly modern and well equipped observatory has been met through the generosity of the Wallenberg family. Three years ago a donation of a million kronor was appropriated for the purpose from the Knut and Alice Wallenberg Foundation, and additional contributions have been given later. Though the new institution is placed at Saltsjöbaden in the skerries, its main building crowning the wooded knoll of Mount Carlsbad, it will bear the name of the Stockholm Observatory. It was dedicated last May.

The publication of "In Monroe's Administration" last month brought the REVIEW a letter from the John Morton Memorial Building in Philadelphia, stating that the entire two-volume collection of Baron Klinkowström's letters from America has been translated and will be published with an introduction by Dr. Amandus Johnson.

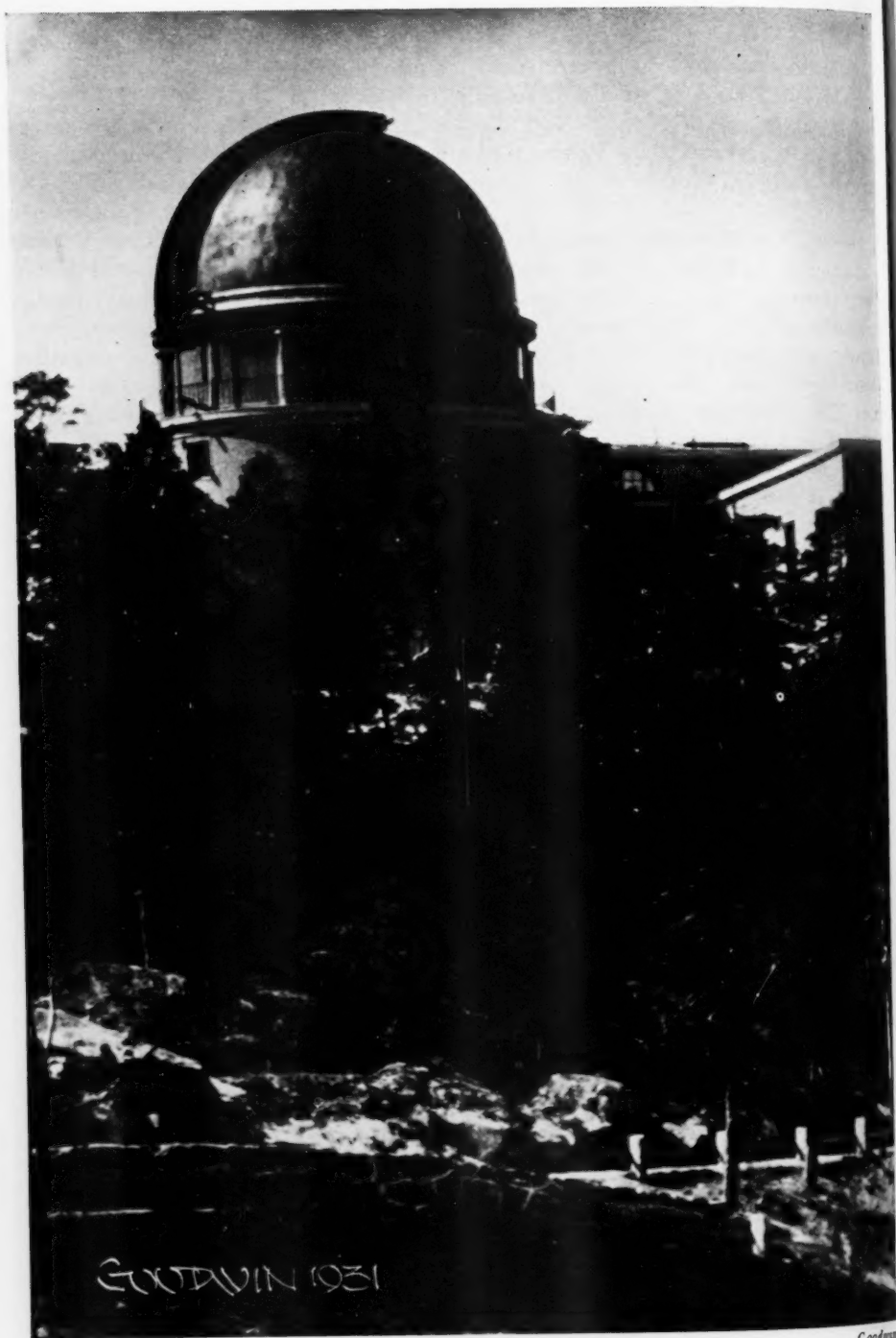
In ALBERT ENGSTRÖM humor has found its official representative in Sweden, for he is one of the eighteen immortals of the Swedish Academy, with Selma Lagerlöf, Archbishop Söderblom, and others. Engström's position is accorded him as an interpreter of folk psychology. His favorite

types are small skippers, pilots, and fishermen in the skerries.

HARRY SÖIBERG is represented in the volume *Denmark's Best Stories* by a characteristic little story entitled "The Old Boat," but this is his first appearance in the REVIEW. Söiberg was once a book-binder's apprentice and an ardent Socialist agitator. His early experiences remind us of Nexö, but unlike him Söiberg is not in his books a propagandist. His greatest work is the novel trilogy *The Land of the Living* which, while dealing with religious movements among the peasants of West Jutland, really describes the author's own spiritual reactions to the problems raised by the World War. *The Sea King*, beginning a new novel cycle, has appeared in an English translation by Edwin Björkman.

JOHANNES BUCHHOLTZ is also new to the REVIEW. His field is the Danish provinces, usually the small town with its collection of odd characters, but sometimes the peasantry. He has the gift of seizing upon some curious or pathetic episode and flashing it on the reader's consciousness in a few short pages. Two of his novels, *Egholm and His God* and *The Miracles of Clara van Haag*, have appeared in English, both translated by W. W. Worster. Buchholtz is, however, at his best in his short stories, of which he has written a great number.

EDMUND R. YARHAM is an English contributor, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.



THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT SALTSJÖBADEN NEAR STOCKHOLM, COMPLETED
MAY 1931, A GIFT OF THE MAECENAS KNUT WALLENBERG

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In Monroe's Administration

Letters of BARON AXEL KLINKOWSTRÖM

In the years 1818 to 1820 Baron Axel Klinkowström, Lieutenant Colonel in the Royal Swedish Navy, made a study trip to the United States and wrote his impressions in a series of letters dedicated to Rear Admiral Count Claes Cronstedt. From his twenty-five letters we have chosen two. One from Washington appeared last month; one from New York is printed in this number.

Sixteenth Letter

New York and Brooklyn, 1820

LAST winter I was so busy preparing the first part of my writings submitted to the government that I very seldom was able to attend social functions here and participate in festive gatherings, although I lived in the city itself; this winter, on the contrary, despite the fact that I live in Brooklyn, I have had more opportunity to attend social affairs.

I have made many acquaintances, and everywhere I am received very well. The contents of this letter will describe the general tone of society and entertainments, which however can have reference only to this place and others on the Atlantic coast; probably it is entirely different in the interior States.

Usually four or five large assemblies are given during the winter in the City Hotel reception hall, which is very large and well decorated, but in no respect can be compared to our Exchange hall, which in all ways may be considered among the handsomest rooms used for such purposes.

These assemblies are conducted much in the same manner as ours; strangers who are presented to society are either invited by the direc-



WILLIAM STREET, LOOKING FROM THE CORNER OF LIBERTY STREET
TOWARDS MAIDEN LANE, ABOUT 1800

tors and so obtain an entrance card gratis; or else they are introduced through some of the prominent members of the assembly. The mayor's wife, Mrs. Collden, was kind enough last winter to choose me as her cavalier, and in that way I was introduced to the assembly; later an entrance card was sent me by the directors, and this winter the same courtesy has been extended to me, although I have not accepted these invitations more than a couple of times.

In addition to the large dance hall, one or two rooms are used for card parties. Usually two quadrilles are danced in succession and one *anglais*; the waltz has not yet been introduced here. There are long rest periods; this interim is used for partaking of tea and other refreshments; the ladies walk around the hall and hunt up their acquaintances, ordinarily taking the arm of some cavalier to be escorted on these promenades through the rooms.

The wealthier private homes also arrange balls and suppers; in respect to the costumes, the valuable porcelain and glass and the abundance of silver used on these occasions, they are very brilliant. The mayor, who in his rôle of highest magistrate and judge was required to see many people at one time, gave two excellent assemblies in his house, which however was too small for such a large gathering.

I attended a brilliant assembly in Marshal Morris's spacious and beautiful house, to which he had invited all the charming and lovely

ladies in New York society; here I had an opportunity to observe the stylish and gorgeous costumes, the manners, and the graceful dancing of the ladies. I also attended a similar assembly at Mr. Laurence's, at Park Place. At both places the supper was well arranged; oysters prepared in three or four different ways were offered in great abundance, also ices and confitures in large quantities. . . .

The theater building is very handsome and the hall itself spacious; decorations and costumes are respectable. But good form requires that one sit with his hat on his head, and in other respects the manners are not the same as with us. In general the plays are not widely attended in the United States, and since no famous English actors or actresses arrive here, it happens now and then that the income is not enough to meet the ordinary expenses. The reason for this must be traced largely to the fact that in this country there are in all the large cities many sects which consider the theater a sinful pleasure; only a few years ago the ministers agitated against establishing theaters in Boston as well as here. Quakers and Methodists never attend plays, and all this together is responsible for the fact that the dramatic art in this country will for a long time lack the encouragement it needs to attain the same level as it enjoys on the old Continent.

Besides these pleasures the Museum is open every day; it consists of a large collection of natural products, arranged with good taste and in the best order. In the evenings an orchestra of wind instruments offers lovely overtures and musical pieces.

A few large concerts are also given, when much Scotch music is offered; it has its individual appeal and a melancholy and tender character. I have also heard Italian arias sung here; but they lose very much; the English dialect does not adapt itself well to Italian song, least of all in America, where the virtuosos are still farther away from the fatherland of music, and where the government has not yet found it necessary to appropriate any sums for the maintenance of an Italian opera by way of encouraging this beautiful art.

The anniversary of America's independence is a national holiday, which falls on July fourth and is celebrated in the whole country. Last year I attended this celebration in New York. At seven in the morning the Artillery, the Militia, and the garrisons stationed at the forts all assembled at Battery Point, where came also all corporations and trades, each attended by its spokesman. A large and handsome model of a liner was carried in the procession. To the accompaniment of beautiful music all marched through the principal streets of the city to the square in front of the Town Hall, where the troops paraded before the

Governor of the State of New York, His Excellency Clinton, and the city authorities. Afterwards all proceeded to the church, where a thanksgiving service was held. The spokesman of the masons read the Declaration of Independence, and the spokesman for the stone-cutters read General Washington's farewell address. After the services were over all assembled at the Town Hall for a large dinner given by New York City, a dinner which even I had been invited to attend. Before being seated at the tables one of the ministers present offered a short and beautiful prayer. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and handsome insignias suited to the occasion; in a word, everything was carried out in good order and with solemnity.

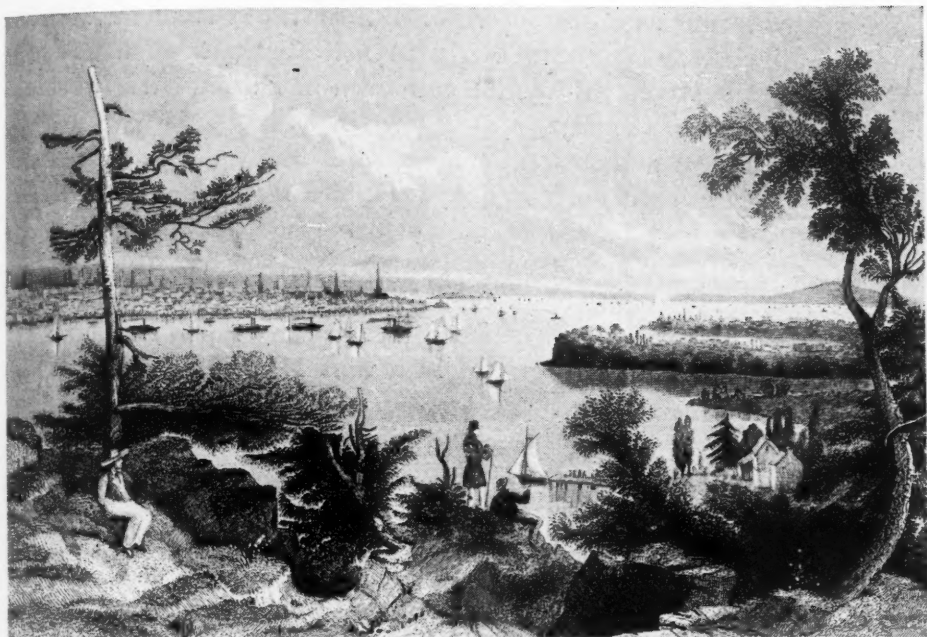
As for other general entertainments here, one can mention panoramas, exhibitions of paintings, public physical and chemical experimental lectures of popular nature, and similar things. In the large auditorium of the City Hotel this winter there are held public speeches, or a so-called forum, where clever young men practise oratory and declamation. Here they either present something that they themselves have written, or some well known beautiful speeches are recited or verses or humorous acts from plays. The subjects are usually political, moral, or religious, even satire. On such an occasion I heard Paul's speech to Agrippa and Cato's monologue from Addison's tragedy recited with all the art of oratory, and the whole audience was impressed by the talent of the speaker. . . .

It is near the end of the fall, during the beautiful winter days and early in the spring, that the elegant world gathers for promenading in Broadway. Here it is good form to be seen between two and three in the afternoon. Usually the men are then busy with their affairs, but still one may see an occasional young man use this opportunity, arrayed in the latest style, to attract the attention of the fair sex. . . .

This winter is unusually sharp for a country on a latitude of 40°; there has already been sleighing for six weeks, and, to judge by the quantity of snow that has fallen, it will still last for a long time, for the air is very cold, and much drift ice gathers in the Hudson River and in Long Island Sound.

Sleighing parties are arranged often outside the city, at some large and handsome inn, where the dances are public. The sleighs are heavy, tasteless, and badly made; usually they hold six persons; the driver does not sit but stands straight up in the front of the sleigh. Toboggans are unknown. It might be a wise speculation if our saddlers sent over some elegant cutters and large sleighs.

One afternoon not long ago I drove with Colonel D——r and other



VIEWING NEW YORK CITY AND HARBOR FROM WEEHAWKEN

acquaintances out to an inn located some miles from Brooklyn, where we met a large gathering of farmers from all around, who had their daughters and sweethearts with them. The young people had arranged an improvised ball in a room above. Although the girls were fairly well dressed, it was apparent that none had made any preparations for this ball, and the men danced with their hats on their heads. In the room below some old farmers had gathered to smoke and drink whiskey and toddy; some remark had occasioned a political discussion, and since nearly all of these old dignitaries were of Flemish origin and through their gestures revealed the temperament of their forefathers' country, the whole scene, which was enacted in half-darkness owing to the clouds of tobacco smoke, was not unlike the lovely typical Dutch paintings that adorn our collections.

At sleighing parties like these the farmers present display the elegance of their horses, which are very handsome; but as a rule one drives very fast, and when the men have been drinking they are none too particular if the horses change from trotting into galloping, provided only that they can pass each other in the highway.

In New York there is little attention to keeping the streets free from snow; in the narrower streets the snow is heaped very high, and the

masses grow larger as the sweepings are thrown out from the houses. It is with difficulty, when the ice begins to melt, that one can make one's way through the streets; this is the case even in Fulton Street, one of the busiest streets of the city.

I must not forget to mention the horse races that are held with great ceremony every fall and spring. They are much like those in England, and though they may be less elegant, still the bets are high. On such occasions the infatuated horsemen use the English Whip-Club costume. The rich merchants from the city and their wives attend these races and are resplendent in handsome equipages much like ours at home at Djurgården on the first of May and Midsummer Day. This is a great festival for all farmers; and horse-trading, barter, and high gambling stakes are on occasions like this quite the order of the day. The ministers agitate against these pleasures and condemn them publicly in their sermons: they have asked the city authorities to prohibit them, but although the authorities do not directly favor these sports, they still have not found it advisable to stop them, and so they limit themselves to preventing whatever disorders may arise. . . .

Cock fights are strictly forbidden, and all respectable persons put a stop to them; but since this nation tends to imitate the English, I have occasion to suspect that these bloody events are staged in secret in the woods, where however only the lowest mob is present.

Public gaming houses are strictly forbidden not alone by the Federal government but even by the individual States, and they are not allowed to be opened even on payment of excessive fines. The governments of this country still have sufficient morality not to take profit from the vices and ruin of their citizens. Public billiard halls are also prohibited. That playing goes on, even playing in secret for high stakes, I have been told; but at least the authorities have no share in encouraging this uncouth passion.

In addition to Battery Point and the avenues and square in front of Town Hall, which has a promenade that is very little frequented, the New Yorkers have a so-called Vauxhall. It is a fairly large and beautiful garden where fireworks are displayed in the summer every fortnight or at most every week. The place is open for promenades, and refreshments can be ordered; but this garden is situated at the far end of the city; nor is it maintained with the care it should have, and the whole is a very imperfect imitation of Vauxhall in London.

The most beautiful and most frequented promenades are outside the city, partly at Hoboken on the other side of the Hudson, in the region around the suburb Greenwich, and on Long Island in the vicinity of

Brooklyn. A view of New York harbor is the panorama that characterizes the Brooklyn promenade, which for a long distance follows the heights of Long Island's precipitate shores, and which here and there is shadowed by dense forest groves. So the landscape continues on the other side of Brooklyn as far as Williamsburg, and all these regions are greatly frequented on Sundays, although the New York clergy oppose even this innocent pleasure. It is especially in April, May, and the beginning of June that the inhabitants of the city enjoy the pleasures and delightful shade of these lovely spots. . . .

The general tone of the larger social groups is not so free as in Europe. Usually the young men stay in one room by themselves and share but slightly in the conversation of the girls; these sit in another room, and it is not until the music indicates that the ball is about to begin that the young people approach each other, and it is in a none too courteous way, so far as the young men are concerned.

It is during the dance that the American girls give themselves up to all the liveliness and the natural grace that in the main characterizes the sex; they dance well and exceedingly correctly, and in this respect are in no way surpassed by our Swedish girls. The men dance badly, and their attitude to the young ladies is cold and stiff. The young men by no means show them the same thoughtful attention that is required by good social form in Europe; a certain republican stiffness always characterizes their way of approaching their lovable and beautiful countrywomen, who unquestionably should make greater demands on courtesy from the young men; but the American women have not yet grasped this fine and courteous social coquetry—if I may so call it—that adds a certain distinction to gatherings. It is, however, the unmarried who create the social tone; a very few young married ladies also contribute something. Perhaps they will succeed to some extent in changing the existing form, which seems to demand that the married women live very quietly and show no disposition to indulge in social pleasures.

In this country the unmarried women of the higher classes are not so retiring as in general in European society, where they are forced to be very careful of their manners in order not to offend etiquette, or conflict with accepted conventions. Here an unmarried woman can be seen at a large public ball or a supper without being attended by a married lady. When the gathering breaks up she takes the arm of one of the gentlemen present, and he then escorts her home, and this is not in violation of custom. During summer evenings on lonely promenades I have often met some young woman of the better class tête-à-tête



THE WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, BETWEEN PRINCE AND HOUSTON STREETS, IN THE YEAR 1823

with a young man; later I have inquired of others if the two were engaged, but received a negative answer, and hearty laughter has attended my comments in reference to such freedom in the conduct of the unmarried women.

Occasionally young girls give tea parties to which only unmarried men and women of their acquaintance are invited. Married ladies rarely participate in these occasions; some few married men may now and then be present. A very courteous young woman in my neighborhood invited me and General Swift to such a circle, to which she had invited all her young and lovely friends. With indescribable charm this pretty young hostess did the honors. We sang, played forfeit games, and spent the evening in happy small talk. The lady of the house, though a near relative of our lovely hostess, was not present, but kept to her rooms, and when I asked why she was not in the company, I was told that it was not the custom for married ladies to partake in the small gatherings of the unmarried.

Although this gathering consisted of all the loveliest girls in Brook-



THE EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY, BETWEEN DUANE AND PEARL STREETS, IN THE YEAR 1807

lyn, I noticed with amazement how cold and strange most of the invited young men were. The girls were gay and polite, but the men gathered in a circle by themselves and did not take part in the conversation until later in the evening.

I have reason to believe that marriage agreements are concluded very precipitately. When the young American women wish to establish themselves, they do not let a sincere lover remain in doubt as to his fate for long. No love intrigues are carried on; the contracting parties rarely make use of the small romantic byplays to learn to know one another's character, such as are used in the Old World. Here the young ladies do not understand how to use clever coquetry to learn to know their adorers, and the lover does not wait long before he makes his declaration, which usually is very simple and artless.

I have seen a very polite and well brought up young lady of the highest class in the community, three or four weeks after having given the mitten to a wealthy, handsome, and highly cultured army officer who eighteen months before had asked for her hand and to whom she

had been engaged, marry another young man of military rank, whom she had not seen until she broke up the engagement with the former. Whether a well founded discontent on her part might have been the reason for this, I cannot say; I have only cited this case to show how swiftly resolves in matters like this are made in this country.

A brother-in-law of this lady, whom I knew very well, was kind enough to invite me to the marriage ceremony, which was held in their house, where the mother of the bride and a few of their friends were present. The marriage ritual was that of the Anglican church, which is somewhat like our own. The bride was delightfully lovely, dressed in a very elegant white gown without a train, but with many ornaments; she had only white orange flowers in her corsage, for here one does not use wreath or crown.

After the ceremony is over and homage has been paid the bride, it is the custom of the country for the men to embrace the bridesmaids, who on this occasion were six in number, selected from the most beautiful of the bride's acquaintances. So long as the minister was present, no music was permitted; usage requires that one shows him great respect, carefully watches one's self, and even does not allow any loud conversation.

Not long after the time when I first came to this country I was introduced through Consul Gahn into the home of a young Mr. Kean and met his mother, Countess Niemcewicz. These gentlefolk lived in the country near Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, where I, in reference to securing some information about details of the steam engine, wished to remain for some time. I enjoyed much hospitality and kindness in the home of Countess Niemcewicz, where everything was quite correct. Countess Niemcewicz is a courteous and well informed lady, and there is great dignity in her manner. This family was related to the Livingstone lineage, which without possessing privileges of nobility still is highly respected in this country and enjoys much esteem. Young Kean is a wealthy man; he and his wife live in a house belonging to his mother in the neighborhood of Elizabethtown, and he honored me by inviting me to be the godfather at the baptism of his son. The child was already six weeks old. Young Mrs. Kean herself carried it to the font, and the ritual and the ceremony were in other respects the same as with us except for the banishing of the devil. . . .

Through our esteemed Consul Gahn I was introduced into the mayor, Mr. Collden's, house. There I have been received, not as a stranger but as an old friend of the family, and often have participated in smaller tea parties, arranged spontaneously, during which a little

music, speech making, interesting stories, games, and occasionally a square dance have added to the pleasures of the occasion. Usually there is no supper, but sometimes ices and confitures are served, and the company leaves at midnight. A few times I came to this respected man's house when he rested from his many tasks by engaging in mathematical studies. He then had before him the works of Franklin, Euler, and other such authorities. Machinery is his favorite pursuit, especially its use on steamboats and its improvement. From this esteemed and skilled man I have had much enlightenment in these subjects. As an author he has also made himself known, especially through a biography of Robert Fulton, which is very well written. He is a staunch advocate of the condensers, and in a very thorough way he has shown me why they are surer and safer than those operating at high pressure; in my letters about steamboats I have further developed this point. I cannot enough praise the genuine and frank way in which I have been received in this family, so highly respected here. Mrs. Collden vied with her husband in showing me all possible friendliness and kindness. Their young daughter-in-law, a very polite and well mannered young lady, is one of the few women here in the city who speak French with perfect ease; she has great talent for music.

Consul Gahn has also introduced me to his neighbor, Marshal of the United States, Mr. Morris, where I met with the greatest courtesy. He is very wealthy and lives in a brilliant way. His wife, although no longer in the bloom of youth, combines a very interesting presence with a fine air of the world. When I come to treat of matters of law and its practice in America, I shall describe the profession of Marshal more in detail. Mr. Morris is very well informed about the economic interests of his country and a warm supporter of its laws and government. The information I have received through him regarding the manufactures of this country and the objects that attracted my attention during a journey in his company to the factories in Paterson at the cataracts of the Passaic River, I shall treat separately.

Among the very interesting acquaintances I have made in this country is also the learned Doctor Mitchell. In addition to the comprehensive knowledge of his own science, he also has done great service to this country because he has often acted in a public capacity, and New York has him to thank for the many ways in which he assured its safety during the last war. The fearlessness and wise resoluteness he and his associates revealed last year at the outbreak of the yellow fever helped most effectively in checking the spread of this terrible plague. Doctor Mitchell possesses a rare fund of knowledge about the antiquities of

America, and according to him North America originally obtained its population from North Asia, an hypothesis which he defends by pointing out that the Indians on the northwest coast of America still retain the facial characteristics of the Tartar races.

The excellent mineral and fossil collections he showed me, together with his instructive public lectures in natural history which I attended a few times, have been very interesting.

The evenings I occasionally spend with him in private conversation have been very instructive; in general he is very attentive to strangers, and a traveler who has some interest in the sciences should not fail to make the acquaintance of this learned man. He has been particularly kind to me, as it often pleases him to give me information about many important subjects.

As I have already said, I have settled in Brooklyn, where I live more inexpensively and am nearer the navy dockyard. I am very well acquainted with the superintendent of the docks, Captain Evans, who lives within the docks, and who often has invited me to his house, an invitation which I often accept. His wife is a very courteous hostess and is the chairman of the ladies' society in Brooklyn.

Captain Rodgers shows me great kindness; his very beautiful and kind wife, sister of the renowned Commodore Perry, makes her home a gathering place for the most charming of the women living here.

Even a Mr. Cotting, brother-in-law of the famous Robert Fulton, is among my acquaintances; through him I have received various facts about the great genius of this man, and even some of his drawings, which have been of great use to me.

Swedish Panoptikon

By ALBERT ENGSTRÖM

Translated from the Swedish by HOLGER LUNDBERGH

ON A MORNING in March towards the end of the eightennineties Johan Emil Österlund, unmarried, and employed as lighthouse keeper on the island of Trutkobben, awoke, perhaps for no other reason than from joy over being free from duties for a whole day, because he had served for a sick colleague who now was well again. He yawned, scratched his red beard vigorously for a while, grabbed the snuff box which lay behind the enormous eider-down pillow, and placed a generous wad of "Schwartz Extra Prima" in his mouth. He then pulled up the blue curtain, on which a vessel with billowing mainsail and whipping bunting swept across a dead-calm sea. He looked out of the window. Just his luck! The ice had drifted in with the northeaster; a wide band, that stretched at least six miles out to sea. Perhaps there were seals in the ice. He had not had seal liver for two years. His mouth watered, not only on account of the snuff. And the weather was fine. The sun had just arisen, and the ice burned fiery red with blue shadows in the heavenly light of the dawn.

Now he listened intently. The door to the kitchen stood ajar. He could hear a regular breathing with just the shadow of a snore. There slept his old mother who managed the house. Ninety years and more, she was, and bent like the handle of a stick, but there was plenty of sparkle left in her, you could bet your life on that. And Johan Emil loved her with a boundless devotion. She had been severe, but just, and she had worked all her life. He had never met a grander woman. That was probably the reason why he had never married. Because a mother must *know*, and know how to teach her children morals and discipline. He remembered how she, as a widow, dressed in her husband's trousers and hip-boots, had combed the beach for firewood wreckage and earned a bit when she had found something valuable. She had been poorer than a louse on a bald head and she had had a hard time. But if she had got only three flounders in her two nets, the catch was enough for a meal for the three kids while she dipped potatoes in the salt herring-juice and taught the children table manners to boot, and had grace said, both before and after the meal. The kids had been whipped when they had done something wrong and had had to cut the juniper branches for their own chastisement. But they

had all grown up to be real people. And Johan Emil had risen to the post of lighthouse keeper, so he was on easy street. But he still felt the same love, tinged with respect and fear, for the old woman, as he had felt as a boy. And now he was fifty-five years old with a beard and snuff and a uniform with beautiful stripes and buttons.

Österlund flung his red-haired legs over the side of the bed, pulled on his half-wool drawers, and went out into the kitchen to start a fire in the stove. It was so cold that his breath stood white before him. The old woman was awake.

"So you're up, Johan Emil? Can't understand that I'm getting so sleepy in the mornings. Old folks usually get up right early. But fix the fire, and I'll make coffee."

"The ice is here, mother; perhaps there's seal in it. I'll take the spy-glass and get a look from the rocks."

"Are you crazy, child? You aren't going out on the ice?"

"Oh, no, mother, but I can look, can't I? I won't drown from that."

"Nonsense! Well, these children! As if there wasn't plenty of food in the house. But you just dare to get out on the ice, you hear me?"

"I can take a look, that won't cost any."

And Österlund put his bare, immense feet into the sealskin slippers that stood by the kitchen door, took his old, canvas-covered marine glass, went out on the front porch and trained the telescope northward. Not a breeze stirred. The ice lay solid all the way in to the island. There were no holes to be seen. But far out he saw a spot that looked peculiar. It was earth colored, and he thought that something stirred in that earth. It was probably a seal rock with perhaps a whole school on it. Yes, indeed, he could see plainly now. The ice was full of seals out there, but it would be risky to venture so far. But he saw black spots closer to shore. That must be old males and females that slept and basked in the morning sun. There was meat in the sea, he was sure of that.

He went in to the old woman, shivering in the morning cold.

"There's seal in the ice, mother. I'll take the pole-ski and get out there. You can bawl me out as much as you care. It's a long time since you've had blood-pancake, mother, or dipped boiled seal meat in salt so that the blubber dripped from your mouth."

"Well, I declare. If you were only a few years younger I'd give you a good beating, you loafer."

"Up and make coffee now, while I load."

Johan Emil took down his old seal rifle and began loading. He knew the exact measure of powder, cut off the edges of the home-cast bullet,

thick as the end of a thumb, wrapped a piece of skin around it, and went at it with the ramrod. In the meantime the old woman, bare-legged below her knitted petticoat, shook the coffee pot over the fire, grumbling to herself. The coffee beans were fine, and the fragrance soon filled the cottage, making up for her son's lack of obedience.

They drank the coffee, and the old woman herself poured a generous glass of brandy in her son's cup, as it was done in those days.

Österlund got into his clothes and put a white shirt over his suit and a white sheepskin cap on his head, not to look conspicuous against the ice. He fetched the pole-ski from the tool shed and set out to sea.

I know that I break the sequence of my story by explaining what a pole-ski is. It is a ski, much longer and broader than a regular running ski. The hunter lies prone upon it, and advances across the ice with the aid of hands and feet. On the front end is rigged up a rest for the rifle, and on the very tip is a square bit of white canvas with a peep hole through which points the muzzle of the gun. The seal believes it is a piece of ice, so long as it does not notice it approaching. The white-clad hunter is well hidden behind the canvas. In this manner he can come within firing range of the animal, if the wind blows from the side, or away from the seal.

Besides his rifle, Österlund's equipment consisted of an axe, a good harpoon with a long line attached, in case the seal, wounded, should disappear in a hole in the ice. It would then be a question to watch for the right moment, and whang the harpoon in him when he came up for air, tie the rope around the harpoon shaft and begin to play with the animal. Because it is impossible to hold on tight to a wounded seal when you hunt on the ice. The harpoon shaft must be of tough wood and of such a caliber that you can place it across the hole, if your own force is not enough to hold it.

The ice was bad. There were all kinds of ice—"China plate ice" which cracks with a sound that can be heard far away in calm weather; ice that looked like thousands of flask bottoms close to each other; ice like stalactites and ice that resembled knotted, white snakes. It was not easy to make progress over it, and Österlund, to keep warm, was dressed in boots of grey-seal skin, with the blubber sticking to the inside, and tied around the ankles with a string. When it thaws such shoes get mushy as porridge, and the blubber penetrates two pair of woolen socks. If it then suddenly turns cold after a warm spell you may freeze your feet if you cannot make land in time.

But Österlund had set his course after the sun and shoved along. There were not many ice ridges to seek shelter behind—and suddenly

he saw something black between two blocks of ice, not at all far away. He ducked immediately. Here the ice was smooth, and he arranged the pole-ski and began to drag himself forward with hands and feet. At times he raised himself a little and looked above the top of the canvas square—yes, indeed—there lay a seal asleep! He saw, in truth, neither the head nor the tail, but he saw enough to realize that it was a big fellow, an old male with blubber worth many crowns, and everything seemed to be all right. He continued to advance, looking steadily through the peep hole. Strange that the seal did not turn around at times. But the sun shone warmly, and the animal slept like an old fat parish rector who has a substitute preacher.

Österlund was now nearly within firing range. He raised himself slowly—he even dared to kneel on the ice—the seal lay immobile—and far away he saw a school of seals on the earth-colored skerry he had picked out through his spy-glass. But now he also observed that a break had opened with blue water near by it.

Now he was close enough. He knew his rifle, and he knew himself. He had made bull's-eye after bull's-eye at a distance of fifty paces once when there had been a party on 'Trutkobben. Drunk and happy he had insisted on showing the fine qualities of his gun—not to mention his own sobriety—so, of course, he could manage this seal.

No—he did not dare to crawl any further. There was "China plate ice" around him, and the edges began to break with a singing sound. Now he took aim in God's name—slowly and carefully—and fired.

The seal did not move. But the shot echoed terribly across the expanse. The seal remained. But the brown skerry suddenly came to life. Hundreds of seals plunged into the water.

Österlund ran up to his seal. But it was no seal. It was a barrel, big as a kerosene tun, or bigger, frozen into the ice. But even at close range it looked like the rounding shape of a fat grey-seal, sleeping calmly and deeply in the sun. The bullet was there, however, lodged right in the center of the barrel. He peered into the bullet hole. It looked as if there was blubber inside. Österlund pulled out his knife and scratched off a bit of the contents, smelled it, tasted it, smacked his lips. Then he sat down on the ice and looked very sheepish. The barrel contained wax.

Österlund's first feeling was one of disappointment. He had wanted a seal. But while he was still sitting on the ice, contemplating his position, he realized that a two hundred kilogram wax barrel—and his calculation was not bad—was worth much more than a seal. At the same time he figured that his hunting expedition must have been

observed from the lighthouse. He was not regarded with friendly eyes by a young whipper-snapper of an assistant lighthouse keeper. He must, therefore, report his find and let it be disposed of at the customs house auction. It was not probable that anybody would overbid him at this God-forsaken lighthouse station, if he wanted his rightly acquired booty for himself. He had, then, chances to make some money. He began to cut the barrel loose, and by using his pole-ski and harpoon line judiciously he managed, after much trouble, to get it up on the ice. It was hard work, and dusk had begun to fall before the wax was safe in his tool shed. His mother stormed and made coffee while he counted and calculated. He realized it would be best to go to Stockholm and sell the wax himself. His vacation would come in June. He had not been in Stockholm since he, as a fifteen year old lad on board the schooner *Blixten*, had been sent ashore a few times to buy food during the call of this proud ship at the capital. He had not succeeded, and the cook had beaten him, and the mate and the captain likewise. His memories of the city were, therefore, not particularly sweet. But now he was a government employee with a salary and a vacation of two weeks. Consequently he would journey thither and make a business deal and also have some fun for the first time in his life.

His wax was fine. He had to pay good money for it at the customs house auction. It was Russian wax—because a customs official could read the letters that decorated the barrel. The Russians produce much wax for their churches, and this was church wax, the customs man swore. The barrel was worth a fortune, and Österlund had got it cheap. But he would not be foolish when he arrived in the city. He would hold on to the wax as long as he could and not be tricked. Because Stockholm was full of thieves and thugs who took advantage of an innocent man who had really seen nothing else but Trutkobben, although he had arrived at the mature age of fifty-five.

It was, however, most difficult for Österlund to separate from his mother. But he received the promise of the other lighthouse employees to look after her daily—coffee parties every day and visits many times a day. He would buy presents for the old woman. She would get a real antique shawl and a hat as beautiful, and more, as that worn by the pilot captain's wife which she had when she came to the island last summer. And then she would get a cane with a silver handle instead of the hazel stick she went around with now and leaned on. And a brooch and a new hymn book. Because Österlund had put away some money during the years. He had drunk a bit, of course, but

aquavit makes no government employee poor, because it is cheap. Anyhow, the old woman had had charge of the keg and had hardly ever served more than the traditional pick-me-up in the mornings, which a man needs. And he would be away for two whole weeks.

Österlund left on board the pilot cutter, which called every month at Trutkobben with kerosene and mail and food and all necessities. His wax barrel stood securely lashed to the deck, himself on top, afraid in his heart for his mother's sake, but full of a curious joy at the thought of the wonders of the capital and the big deal he would put over. In an inside pocket of his vest—sewed on for the purpose—rested his well-filled wallet. He was dressed in uniform and looked authentic and sea-wild with his red beard and water-blue eyes. His mother had knitted a pair of wrist-warmers for him, with blue and red borders. Such were used in her youth with holiday clothes. They did not go so well with the uniform. But his mother had made them, and therefore he kept them on.

Österlund came to Stockholm, got his wax barrel put ashore and carted to a storehouse at Rosenvik. He was allowed to live on the pilot cutter for the time being, and now he went out to explore the town.

Stockholm was new to him. He was an old bachelor and had hitherto only hung on to his mother's apron strings, so to speak. Now the metropolis seized him, with all its dangers and temptations, like a polyp with a thousand arms. No longer did he have to be alone. On the Skeppsbron embankment, at Sjöberg Square, down town at the Söder and in the Djurgården park he met acquaintances who had visited Trutkobben as his guests. He met old seafaring friends—some were bums now, and others had succeeded in life—and he went about with them. But he did not misbehave, because he had respect for the uniform he still wore. But he celebrated. He went to the "Brass Rail" and to the "Peace" and to the "Vega" and ate big beefsteaks with plenty of onions and drank large schnapps. And in the middle of his red beard a vast smile shone the livelong day. He was in Paradise! But in the evenings, when he had boarded the pilot cutter, he lay and sobbed and thought of his ninety year old mother who had not yet received the cane with the silver handle, nor the real antique shawl. He tried to make a deal with his wax, but always considered himself underbid. His acquaintances tried to trick him, but he saw through them. He went to apothecary shops, to chemical factories, but they all underbid, and soon the pilot cutter would have to leave. Then he would have to move to a hotel. And he had heard that all hotels dripped

with bedbugs and fleas. That did not suit him, because he was clean and neat and had a uniform that was much grander and more important than any other. It was that of the pilot service, and he could not soil it. What would happen to the sailors if they did not have light-houses and people who watched them and were responsible for them? Oh, no! Stockholm did not suit him. Stockholm was a hell of a city. But how about the wax? He did not care a damn about the wax. He would take it home again and make Christmas candles out of it for his mother. And no woman on the whole globe would get an illumination as grand as she.

The pilot cutter remained. He did not have to live in lousy hotels. He praised God when he was told of this, and went out and bought the shawl and the brooch for his old mother.

Finally the last day of his Stockholm rampage dawned. During his vacation he had learned something about the city, but he remained the naïve, fifty-five year old boy, who had only his mother to trust in the whole wide world. Without her he was lost and helpless. He had made many acquaintances in the city, because he was jolly and quick-witted and childlike. And now a farewell party was staged for him in the second floor restaurant of the "Peace." Everybody had a gay time, laughed and told funny stories. Skippers and pilots and mates used to like the place. I have never learned as much of life on the sea and among the skerries as in the second floor dining-rooms of the "Peace" in those days.

And Österlund invited them all to a breakfast at dawn. He was going to say good-bye to the city and would never return, because he had to get back in service and would never take another vacation. He became magnificently drunk, and when he later got sick it sounded like bears on the rampage.

When he, the same morning, went dangling about the city streets, he arrived at the Kungsträdgården park and discovered the Panoptikon, which was quite new then. I think it was opened in 1889.

Österlund immediately dove into the Panoptikon and became, on account of his condition, tremendously impressed with what he saw. The very meaning of the institution was new and thought-provoking to him. When he had convinced himself that its inhabitants were not alive but only modelled in wax and dressed up—which he soon discovered after attempting a few friendly approaches—he got an idea, and a shining one. His old mother was always the center of his consciousness. He understood that he must perpetuate here the memory of his mother, the grandest woman he had ever met. After a considerable

search he found a female employee and asked her for the way to the manager of the place. He was shown into a room in which a serious, broad-gauged gentleman sat behind a desk. Like the heads of many Swedish institutions, he looked formidable and unpleasant.

"Excuse me," said Österlund, "would it be possible to get a person in here at the Panoptikon—I mean—not alive, but as a figure—and what would it cost?"

"Who are you?" asked the somber gentleman.

"My name is Osterlund, keeper of the lighthouse on the island of Trutkobben in the Baltic Sea. Is it possible to get mother in here?"

The manager stared at Osterlund and contracted his bureaucratic eyebrows.

"Well, it depends upon what sort of a woman she was and what her life work consisted of. If a person, for instance, has been active in charity work—"

"Yes, sir, she certainly has. I don't know of anybody who has been so good to me—"

"You misunderstood me, Mr. Österlund. I mean, if she has donated considerable sums to charity—"

"No, sir, she hasn't, because she has never had any money—"

"Or if she has been conspicuous in any other way—"

"Yes, she has been good all her life, and struggled and worked—"

"Yes, but you understand that we can only receive the figures of people who in one way or another have separated themselves from the rest because of their lives, their achievements. Like kings, for instance, warriors, diplomats—well, even famous criminals, murderers, thieves—"

"Sir, mother doesn't steal!"

"Well, but what is so remarkable about her, then? As long as she has not given enormous sums to charity or been a great criminal, I can't understand why she should be entitled to be represented here."

"Well, she is so terribly old!" Österlund was sweating.

"How old?"

"Mother is ninety years old. Isn't that enough?"

"Ninety years old is no age for the Swedish Panoptikon. If she were a hundred and fifteen or a hundred and twenty years old, she might possibly be ripe."

"Yes, but she's been so terribly poor and lived alone in a little cottage on Trutkobben so terribly many years and raised three children without a penny and worked harder than any woman in Sweden."

"That can't be helped, Mr. Österlund. Good-bye, Mr. Österlund."

"Well, good-bye, sir, then, and excuse me for having taken up your valuable time."

Filled with heavy thoughts Österlund continued down the street. He could not comprehend that a woman with the qualities of his mother was not worthy to be included in that gallery of world-beaters. Because he knew that she was much finer than the whole bunch put together. He did not understand the cold and practical business method of the Panoptikon manager. Without heart, without feeling.

He went on, his eyes on the ground, near where the old Dramatic Theater used to stand. But suddenly he stopped, and his face shone as if lighted from within. He had got an idea, and he thought that he understood now the Panoptikon, its manager, and all the difficulties that beset a new enterprise.

He turned back, knocked on the door, and was again permitted to enter the manager's office. He had remembered his still unsold wax, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, for once more taking up your valuable time, but I remembered something. Perhaps you haven't enough wax? In that case *I have*, if I only can get mother in here. But I must tell you: she doesn't steal!"

In the evening the pilot cutter set out again for the Trutkobben lighthouse with Österlund, the wax, the shawl, the brooch and several tons of experiences. Österlund had had enough of Stockholm.

Asa's Mound

By HARRY SÖIBERG

Translated from the Danish by J. B. C. WATKINS

FOR weeks the sea had been breathing its springtime vapors inland from the coast, where they lay like a fog, so that the whole country seemed to sleep in spite of the vernal season. But one day the sun shone out; and then one could both hear and see that it was spring. The larks had come in great flocks and had spread out over the heaths and fields in pairs. Now they rose with the sun and soared high in the heavens, letting their notes be heard all day long.

On the road which led from the fishing village down to the sea came a young woman walking. She walked with her face lifted up towards the sun and smiled in youthful happiness.

Beside the road were creeping willows with their silver-gray buds shining in the sun, and as she went by them, she bent over and plucked off a branch. Her eyes glanced out over the sun-white expanse of the sand dunes where every blade of grass was visible in the light-filled space.

She followed a path in among the sand dunes and came out up on the bluffs a little farther on. There she stood looking out across the sea which lay shining with the white light of the sun on its surface. The beach was full of men building breakwaters, for the sea had cut deep into the land. The sun shone on their faces and bare brown arms as they went about their work—some wading in the water up to their waists, struggling with the heavy blocks of cement which were lifted by crane and carried out to their place among the breakers.

It was her husband who was directing the work. He was standing up on the

breakwater with a shag pipe in his mouth giving orders to the men. His figure, large and powerful, stood out in relief against the blue sea. His voice carried up to her, and it seemed as though the mere sound of it made her smile.

When he saw her, he waved to her, and she waved back and skipped down the bank, young and frolicsome, with the sand sliding along under her feet. She sat down on a box and listened to their voices mingling with the boom of the breakers.

Before long he came up towards her. She saw him smiling as he came nearer and stretched out her hand to him.

"I expected you, Ellen, as it's such a fine day," he said, and their faces lit up with happiness.

"Yes, it is beautiful here today. You would hardly know the country," she answered.

He sat down beside her and began scraping out his pipe.

"You just wait till summer comes," he smiled. "Believe me, you are going to be happy here." He drew her hand over to him and looked at her. "I really think you are prettier when the sun is shining..." And they both laughed.

From below on the beach an old man was coming up towards them. He had been standing down by the edge of the sea watching the work. Clumsily he touched his cap and stopped a few steps away from them.

"Good-day, Kresten Wreckmaster," said the engineer.

Ellen gave him her hand. His eyes regarded her with curiosity.

"How do you like it here, ma'am?" he asked.

"It is so pretty here," she answered with a smile.

"Yes, you're right there, ma'am . . . it's fine here by the sea."

He seemed to become thoughtful at his own words.

"Well, Kresten Wreckmaster, what do you think of the work here?" asked the engineer and smiled jokingly.

"It's a piece of sheer folly," he answered. "But what can an old man like me know. . . . The sea won't let you break her, if I know anything about her. By next year there won't be a block to be seen above water. . . . The coast here isn't like what some good folk think it is."

"Well, we'll see, Kresten Wreckmaster. What seems wrong today may be right tomorrow."

The old man stood silent and puffed vigorously at his pipe. "Let us hope so," he said quietly, "but it is different with the sea, if I know anything about her."

And he turned to go.

"You must look in on us, Wreckmaster," said Ellen kindly.

"Thank you very much, ma'am."

And he sauntered on down, stopping now and then to look at the work. They could see him shaking his head over his own thoughts.

"How queer the people are here!" said Ellen.

"Yes, they would rather let the sea take their fields and farms than try anything new," he answered and rose. "You mustn't sit here too long, Ellen. The air is sharp . . . and you know."

She got up suddenly, drew him close to her, and kissed him. "Oh, I am so happy, Ejnar . . . so happy. . . ."

He gently stroked her hair.

"Little girl," he answered. And they stood a moment and looked smiling into each other's eyes.

"Now you must go for a walk along the beach, and then I shall come home."

He gave her his arm and led her down along the beach, where they parted. Time after time she turned and waved at him and watched him standing in his place on the breakwater, while the workmen heaved another block out into the sea.

Their house lay in the midst of the fishing village which stretched itself out on a plain among the sand dunes. It looked so contented lying there in the sunshine close by the road with its gleaming window-panes and freshly white-washed walls. Around it was a new hedge of green brushwood from the plantation which came into view over the bluffs like a dark streak in the midst of the bright countryside.

At one of the windows Ellen was sitting sewing baby clothes. She let the sun shine in so that the light lay in white patches on the floor and made the room bright. She sat in dreamy tranquillity with expectant eyes, while her fingers nimbly plied the needle and thread.

They had been married just a few months. When Ejnar was given charge of the breakwater job, he had rented the house and had it put in order so that they could live there as long as the work lasted.

Now and then she raised her head and sat quietly looking out of the window. A little distance in from the road lay Kresten Wreckmaster's house, low and rambling, with green moss shining on its thatched roof, and she could see the road where it swung in among the sand dunes and went on down to the sea.

Every time she looked up her eyes seemed to wander in that direction as though she were expecting him to come. Then a smile would pass over her face, spreading on her cheeks a blush that seemed to come from her heart, and she would sit still with her hand on her breast as though her thoughts were causing it to throb. Ejnar wanted a boy. . . . She seemed to feel his own being under her heart at these moments.

In the silence she heard the maid going about her work in the kitchen, and now and then a sound from without which only made the silence more intense.

Suddenly she sprang up. . . . Ejnar was standing before her in the doorway, happy as a child. She ran towards him and flung her arms about his neck.

"I came home to go for a walk with you," he said. "You must get out in the sun and not sit in here."

"It is so snug and cosy in here," she answered.

"Can we eat now and then go?"

"Yes, yes," and she ran out to the kitchen to help the maid.

Arm in arm they walked along the road which meandered in and out among the houses and yards of the fishing village. The women and children stared out of the windows after them with curious looks. When they met people they would stop and exchange a few words. It seemed as though their joyous mood were enough to make the heavy faces smile.

They went in towards that part of the country which stretched out flat between sea and heath. The sun was in the west giving the sky a whitish light which flashed on the window-panes and lay in glittering streaks over the fields as though the earth were wet after a rain. Here and there a solitary lark high up in the heavens sang towards the sunset.

Now and then her eyes glanced radiantly up at him as though she would tell him everything with one look.

A short distance in from the sea a single burial mound rose up above the heath. Its heather-clad slope stood white in the sun.

"Shall we go to Asa's mound?" he asked.

"Yes," she laughed. . . . "A girl told me the other day about a hill man who used to live there."

"But didn't she tell you about the three-legged Hel horse that walks in a valley

south of here. . . . Just wait, Ellen, and you will hear plenty."

Her face became grave. "Often when I look at these people I am quite terrified. They all seem to have ghosts in their eyes."

He laughed loudly, but there was a strange ring in his voice, and he suddenly became silent.

They walked in across the heath and stopped beside the mound. It had been opened, they could see, but no one knew by whom. They walked around it, and he rooted in the soil with his cane.

"There's good mould here," he said, "if we could get a few wagon-loads of it brought home to the house we could have a garden."

She raised her eyes from the ground.

"That is an idea, Ejnar. How nice it would be if we had some flowers and grass in front of the house!"

He put his arm around her and smiled.

"I think it can be managed all right. The man who owns the mound lives in yonder farmhouse. Come, we'll ask him."

It was an old farm lying with newly broken fields on the edge of the heath.

The man came to the door and invited them in, while his wife immediately started to get coffee ready.

"Will you sell me Asa's mound?" Ejnar asked the man with a smile.

The farmer and his wife looked at him.

"Sell Asa's mound?" repeated the man.

"Yes, or rather the earth in it . . . we want it to make a garden around our house." They sat strangely silent, and their faces darkened. "I can see that people have been digging in it," Ejnar continued.

The man shifted uneasily and seemed embarrassed. Never would it have occurred to him to spread the rich mould over his fields. For hundreds of years men had trailed their plows here, not coming too close to it; and one could often see a lonely mound lying like a sanctuary in the midst of cultivated fields.

The woman moved closer to her husband. She looked at him and smiled constrainedly. "It has never been the custom here," he said, "to dig in the mounds."

"No," added his wife. "The mound must stay where it is. . . . It wouldn't be well for any person to touch it."

Ellen and Ejnar laughed.

"Because of the hill man?" he smiled.

"Because of we know not what," answered the woman. "But it has always been the custom in these parts."

"If you take the mound," said the man, "it won't be with my horses or men. . . . For it is said that such things have brought bad luck."

Ellen became thoughtful at his words, but Ejnar laughed.

"Enough of that," he said. "Then I can use my own men and horses."

"I had rather you let it lie," said the man.

"We can't believe in such old wives' tales any longer. I will give you ten kroner for the earth."

"I'll not take a penny for it," answered the man. "If you are so anxious about it, then take the mound, but remember—I have warned you."

As they left the house, they saw the farmer and his wife standing at the window looking out after them.

The sun had long since gone down, and the dusk had spread over fields and heath. But out over the sea the sky rose up red and bright, casting the last gleam of day over the darkening countryside.

Ellen leaned wearily on his arm.

"Hadn't we better let that mound lie?" she said quietly.

He pressed her arm close to him, and laughed at her. "No, my girl, not for such old wives' tales."

He bent down towards her.

"It is always you women who carry on that sort of tradition. . . . In a couple of days we will load Asa's mound on a wagon, and then you will have both flowers and grass. . . ."

Two days later Ejnar got his men and wagons together to tackle the job of moving the old grave mound. As they drove through the fishing village, the people came out of their houses and stared after them. The children followed in a troop. Some of them went along for a ride, but when the wagon got near the mound they jumped off and hung back, refusing to go any farther.

The farmer met them where the road swung in towards the mound. He looked grave and did not offer his hand.

"You must do as you please," he said to Ejnar. "But no one can get me to have anything to do with it." He seemed to find reassurance in his own words, and went back to the farmhouse where he stood at the gate watching.

The men set to work with zest and laughed at every shovelful of earth they threw on to the wagon, so that their mirth resounded over the quiet countryside. All made merry over the old wives' tales. . . . Ejnar himself went about bandying words with them.

The sky grew red from the evening sun far in over the land, while the dusk settled closely about the mound so that from a distance it looked as though they were shoveling darkness out of the earth. But as they worked, they became silent. Every time they dug their spades into the earth, the sense of a vanished age rose up and filled their minds. A mystic perception of the men and the hands that had once upon a time set up this mound above their dead came over them.

In the center of the mound they came upon some stones that had been rolled together in a heap. Their eyes shone with excitement as though they expected to see the past rise up out of the grave.

Ejnar went over to help. He too was seized by the mood that emanated from that solitary spot. But they found nothing. . . . They rolled the stones out on to the field and left them lying there.

While they were loading up and driv-

ing back, the natives of the place kept away from the road, but after the wagons had gone, old men and women were seen to walk along the road and gather up the fragments of mould that had fallen from the wagons and carry them back to the mound . . . lest anyone should tread on them.

As they reached the house, old Kresten Wreckmaster came walking across the field towards them. He stopped at the gate while the men jumped off. But when they took up their spades, he went over to Ejnar.

His hands were trembling, and he eyed him sharply.

"You ought to stop this foolishness," he said. "You are a stranger here and do not know the old customs."

Ellen, who had been standing in the doorway, came over to them.

He then turned to her.

"My good lady," he said, "if you will listen to an old man's advice, you will not tread in that earth. . . . I foresee that a grave will be brought forth from it. . . ."

Then he turned and went silently away.

Ellen stared after him in astonishment, and an expression of fear came into her eyes. "What was it he said?" she asked.

But Ejnar laughingly took her hand.

"Oh, the usual old wives' tales. You mustn't pay any attention to them."

He led her in through the garden and made her smile while the men were unloading the earth from the wagons. They continued hauling it to the house the two following evenings until only the stones were left on the bare earth.

There was good growth in the old mould, and scarcely a month later the garden was green. Every morning Ejnar would go from bed to bed exulting over it. Or they would wander round the garden arm in arm and make their discoveries. And Ellen would laugh aloud when she saw that the seed she herself had sown was sprouting.

In one corner Ejnar built a bench and table and sheltered them round about with branches of fir.

When the warm weather came, Ellen moved out there and worked on her baby clothes. She was full of happiness on these quiet days. The country lay bright with sunlight. The many colored flowers that were now in bloom gleamed and flashed. It seemed as though every growing thing there shared in her thoughts and dreamed the same maternal dreams.

Then she would suddenly get up and walk along the flower beds just to touch their petals. She had not the heart to cut them and put them in vases on the table. No, rather would she go out on the heath and among the dunes and bring back fresh shoots of heather and bog myrtle and wild dune-roses. It seemed to make them happy to come into human dwellings, she thought.

In the evenings she and Ejnar sat on the bench and chatted together, and then she could tell him about the hundred things she had seen and been delighted over.

"We shall live here every summer," she said. "This air will make our child healthy and strong. . . . And when he gets big enough to run about, we shall play together on the heath and beside the sea."

Ejnar could only laugh. . . .

"And I must tell him about Asa's mound," he said. But every time he mentioned the word it seemed to frighten the joy from her face.

"You mustn't talk about that," she said, but he laughed at her.

One evening, as they were sitting on the bench, Kresten Wreckmaster passed by. He had not been in the house since that evening.

Ejnar called out to him. Wouldn't he come in, he asked.

The old man stood still in the middle of the road. Thanks, he said, but he was going farther.

Ellen and Ejnar went over to the garden gate.

"How do you like our garden, Kresten Wreckmaster? Isn't it lovely? . . ."

The old man took a step towards them, as Ejnar opened the gate. . . .

"Step in and have a drink."

"Thanks very much," he said. "But nobody can get me to tread on that soil. . . . Still, I wish you everything good, young folks." And he turned and went.

When they sat on the bench again Ellen was silent.

"You mustn't worry about such nonsense," Ejnar declared. "What could happen here? . . ."

"No, I'm not worrying . . . and yet, just the sight of such an old man is enough to make one afraid. . . . What can he mean, I wonder?" And her face took on a foreboding expression of fear, as though the mystic threat had entered her soul.

Since Kresten Wreckmaster kept away, the rest of the fishing village did likewise. All who had errands to the house went around the garden and came in the back way. Sometimes the children would gather in small clusters in the daytime, hanging on the fence and peeking in as though they expected that something or other should appear before their eyes. . . . For it was said that both hill people and lights had been seen dancing about in there among the flowers.

On towards the end of the summer Ellen was taken ill, and the midwife was sent for. As the well known turnout came into view with the midwife in the high-backed driver's seat, everything became as quiet as at the most sacred ceremony. The women stood outside their houses, and the children ran to the road and greeted her with a strange seriousness. There was not a child in the fishing village that she had not greeted with her welcoming slap on the back.

Ejnar was at the gate to receive her.

She took in the situation at a glance.

"This is the first one," she said and laid her hand smilingly on his arm. She advanced up through the garden, so broad that her skirts brushed against the flowers on either side of the walk.

She put her satchel down on the table and sized things up. The maid stuck a curious head in at the door.

"You'd better run over to Kresten Wreckmaster's and ask old Stine to come . . . and then you may stay in the kitchen," she commanded.

Ellen was sitting in a chair in the bedroom. Ejnar went over to her and gently patted her cheek.

"Poor little girl," he repeated in a tender voice.

She raised her tear-filled eyes and smiled up at him. "I am not a bit afraid," she said quietly.

Madame rolled up her sleeves to the armpits and came in.

"Now, my good man," she broke in, "you may feel quite safe. This will be number four hundred and thirty-one."

Soon after old Stine came to the kitchen door. She stood there in the opening without coming in. Her lips twitched when she saw Ejnar, as though she had something she wanted to say.

"Madame is expecting you," he said kindly, trying to conciliate the unfriendliness in her glance.

The women of the neighborhood began to arrive with their baskets on their arms. They emptied all sorts of things out on the table, asking questions with ceremonious voices so that Ejnar had to withdraw to the living room.

For several hours he sat in uneasiness and suspense. Now and then he went to the door to ask.

"Just keep calm," said the midwife. "Everything is going along as it should." And she pushed the door shut.

But evening came on. Then he ran over to Kresten Wreckmaster and asked him to hitch up and go for the doctor.

The old man stood before him with

frightened eyes. "God help us," he said. "Was this what was coming?"

Ejnar saw at once what he was thinking. . . .

On towards night the doctor came, and then there was a commotion in the house.

All day the kitchen had been full of women who sat buzzing and whispering and would not go before everything was as it should be. Now they got up and crowded together at the door with anxious eyes. Out in the houses round about lights were burning—it was as though the excitement broke out from the house in the silent night and kept the people awake.

On towards morning the midwife came into the room and called to Ejnar.

In a white cloth she was carrying a little child. But as soon as he saw her face, he started.

"It was dead," she said quietly.

She laid it on the table. He glanced once at it and then sank down on a chair and sobbed with his head beside his dead boy.

The woman laid her hand on his shoulder. "Yes, it's a pity," she said, "but you are both young. . . ."

The women drew back from the door sniffing loudly. Then old Stine came out from the bedroom. With trembling hands she tied her shawl round her head, while her eyes glanced over their faces.

"I guess them that are gone have had a hand in this," she said. "Ah, yes . . . strangers often drive in the ditch."

She went trembling out of the door, and the women followed her silently.

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A month later Ellen and Ejnar were sitting on the bench out in the garden. They were both pale and looked as though they had not had a smile on their faces in weeks.

Most of the flowers were withered, but stood with their seed pods on their stiff stalks. The air drifted in gray and heavy from the sea and shrouded the land. They had been sitting silent for a long time, their eyes fixed on the ground, when Ellen drew his hand over to her.

"We must go away from here . . . do you hear, Ejnar?—unless you want to leave me here, too. . . ."

He raised his head.

"Yes, yes, dear . . . we must go," he answered. "But you really mustn't let yourself be affected so much . . . you mustn't believe that the loss of our boy was any sort of retribution."

Ellen stared out into the hazy air.

"No, I don't believe that exactly," she said in a low voice, "and yet I can remember while I was carrying him . . . such a thought often came into my mind. But I just laughed, for of course we were so happy. . . . But now, Ejnar . . . now . . . now. . . ."

She hid her face in her hands and wept aloud, so that he had to lead her inside.

A week later they were off. Even Ejnar did not come back. He gave the work over to someone else.

After that the house stood empty for several years. No one could be found to live there, since all sorts of things imaginable had been seen there, so that people often went out of their way rather than pass by it after nightfall.

But one day it came about that old Kresten Wreckmaster with a couple of other men drew up with horse and wagon outside the garden gate and set to work shoveling up the old mould. Several others joined them, and before evening the people of the neighborhood saw Asa's mound lying like a black mass in its solitary place out on the heath. . . . Even the stones were laid in their grave underneath the mould.



HELSINKI (HELSINGFORS) THE CAPITAL OF FINLAND WITH ITS MIXTURE OF OLD AND NEW

Historic Finland

By E. R. YARHAM

UNTIL recently Finland was considered to lie too much on the fringes of civilization to attract the attention of the world.

Fortunately during the last decade Finland has come into her own, with the rapid improvements in communication. Well away from the beaten track, the charm of her people, their gracious hospitality, and anxiety to please all visitors, are becoming bywords among travel-loving races. For camping, fishing, and the study of wild life, Finland is unsurpassed, and the story of her people is one of the great legends of European history. In addition, her claim to be one of the finest winter sports grounds to be found in any European country have been more and more recognized.

Since 1919 Finland has been a free country, and the intense pride her children feel for the motherland makes them anxious to reveal her charms.

It is easy to reach Finland from any part of Europe, by steamer, or train, or finishing the journey aboard one of the comfortable flying boats to Helsingfors, when wonderful views are obtained of the rugged archipelago with its forest-clad shores. In the country itself there is room and to spare even for the most avid sightseer. There are the ancient and historic cities of the southern seaboard, of which this article will speak; the veritably marvelous area of the lake district—for Finland has been termed "The Land of a Thousand Lakes"—and actually there are over 36,000 of them; the mag-



TWELFTH CENTURY CASTLE AT ÅBO, ONCE TERMED THE "KEY TO FINLAND"



THE CATHEDRAL AT ÅBO, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL

nificent forests of birch, spruce and pine; and away to the north the truly Arctic district, with its Lapps and reindeer.

That a nation should be able to preserve its integrity and traditions through a thousand years of dependance, is proof

of the greatness of its people. Nowhere is the national heritage more enshrined than in the ancient capital, Åbo; next to it comes Viborg, which has had more than its share of fire and sword; and delightful old Borgå, the home of Finland's national poet, Runeberg.

For six centuries Finland was part of Sweden, and then lay uneasy beneath the military rule of Russia, until the Great War, after which she was able to assert her independence. The spirit of her people, proud and unbroken through a thousand years of repression, is not only evident in the ancient cities, but in the new capital, Helsingfors, which also typifies the wonderfully energetic character of the nation. A century ago Helsingfors could only boast a population of four thousand.



BORGÅ, ONCE THE HOME OF THE POET RUNEBERG, WHOSE HOUSE IS NOW OWNED BY THE TOWN

Today it has over a quarter of a million. Her children are determined to make the city the most beautiful in the North. At present a magnificent House of Representatives, costing about two and a half million dollars, is being erected, with material of Finnish origin.

The approach to Helsingfors is beautiful, thousands of forest-studded islands lying in the myriad bays which dot the broken coastlines. The city is invisible until the steamer glides through the only entrance, guarded by two sentinel walls of granite, after having threaded its way through many islands. The first thing which strikes the visitor is the spotless cleanliness of the city. Travelers who have arrived aboard a national steamer will have been forewarned from its



THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY CASTLE AT VIBORG

appearance, but others will have a pleasant surprise. It is not only the main streets which are clean, but there seem to be no slums, and every part of the town seems as if it were awaiting some



BORGÅ, AN ANCIENT TOWN OF WOODEN HOUSES

grand fête. This pleasing characteristic is not confined to Helsingfors alone, but is common to every little town and village. The phenomenon is repeated in the people themselves, for they have a passion for bathing; the bath is a national institution—every village, farmhouse, or large private residence has its log bathhouse—and the bath is often a family affair.

Helsingfors was founded about four centuries ago, but not until the last century, when it supplanted Åbo as capital, did its mushroom growth begin. Now it has wide streets, many parks and prettily laid out gardens. The Finn has evolved an architecture of his own, without sticking slavishly to modern or ancient conventions. The Senate House, Cathedral, and University are all buildings of architectural distinction, but the even newer buildings break further away still from the concepts of former centuries. A strik-

ing example of the new ideal is the railway station, others are seen in modern business buildings, which seem to have become imbued, in some mysterious fashion, with the national ideals and aspirations.

Åbo, 170 miles to the west, can be approached by rail or sea. This ancient city is the cradle of Finland's culture and civilization. The magnificently guarded harbor of Helsingfors is now termed the "Key to the North." The massive castle at Åbo, built as far back as the twelfth century, was once called, the "Key to Finland." From the galleried hall in the center it was the custom of the reigning chief to hurl his captives to death. Lying on the southwestern seaboard, many an invader has been repulsed from its frowning walls. Comparable with this historic building is the Cathedral, founded so far back as 1258. Like the castle, its square tower and plain walls express a rugged strength which has defied centuries of

peril and conquest. It was at Åbo that the University was founded in 1640, but just over a century ago a terrible fire devastated the town, and it was transferred to Helsingfors. In 1918 a new one was founded, and another in 1922.

Quaint old Borgå is only a few hours' steamer trip from the capital, and it is an outing which should not be missed. She is old-world, and is content to remain so, with her wooden buildings, and mellow cathedral. Perhaps she is proudest of all as being the home of the great poet, Johan Ludvig Runeberg. His home is now the property of the town, and is an object of pilgrimage from thousands of his admirers every year. He lies buried on top of a green hill, tree shaded, looking out over a landscape

typically Finnish, such a one as his poetry has made immortal, and in which the national spirit of the nation is inimitably perpetuated.

Far away to the east, on the borders of Russia, lies that other ancient town, the fortress citadel of Viborg. Its venerable castle has sustained nearly seven centuries of siege and assault, for it was the last national outpost against Russian invasion. The solitary tower, standing in the heart of old Viborg, is probably the oldest remnant of the once enormously strong walls which surrounded the town. Forlorn as it is, it stands as a reminder of stormier days, and less happy ones than those which now bless this gallant and noble-spirited people.



THE ROUND TOWER, SOLE REMNANT OF THE
ONCE POWERFUL FORTIFICATIONS THAT
SURROUND VIBORG

The Devil Cheated Out of a Soul

By JOHANNES BUCHHOLTZ

Translated from the Danish by LIDA SIBONI HANSON

IT WAS four o'clock on a spring morning. A gaunt, elderly woman was dragging three cows from Vejbjerg farm up on the low heather-clad hills north of the fields. "Come, Boss, come," she said kindly now and then. The beasts followed her sedately; they knew from experience what was going to happen, and had no intention of making any futile resistance.

"Now, Boss, you stand here," said Marian Vejbjerg and hammered one tethering-peg into a small green hollow in the midst of the heather; likely as not the sheep had been here, the grass looked nice and fresh. The cow began to eat slowly. This was just what it had expected.

"And you may stand here." Marian had found another patch of grass for the second cow, and soon she had tethered the third one near by with the same simple remark, which the cows understood and trusted. Marion Vejbjerg treated her cows well. To be sure, the grass was coarse like lyme-grass, but then she was modest in her requirements of milk; if only she received a tiny drop in her pail, she was well satisfied. The cows probably knew this, and began to browse in the scouring-rush without any hesitation.

Marian dropped her maul and took up her knitting, which was pinned to her bodice. While her fingers shifted the needles and the yarn with great dexterity, she looked across the calm fjord to the other shore—the mainland, which she knew so well, although she had been there only once in her life. That was the time she went to the fair in Holstebro, fifteen years ago—my, that was a great journey and a great day; what a crowd of people there had been! And a merry-

go-round and everything else. That was the event of her life. It was nice to have had that experience, but now she wouldn't have liked to expose herself to all that. Here on Venö one didn't miss anything. One could see everything—almost. Wasn't that enough? On a clear day one could count many churches—Uglev, Humlum, North Nissum, Vejrum, and Hjerm. That was a great deal, surely. Just now the people from Brejnholt were riding to the fields with four teams of horses, and, as usual, the black smoke was floating up from the brick works. The people on Strandbjerg seemed to be up, too, and in the middle of the Sound three fishermen from Struer were rowing to shore.

Marian threw a glance at the cows and began to walk homeward. The dew from the heather was brushed off by her tanned feet and felt nice and cool. Such a spring morning was beautiful, and how those tiny larks did sing! But she would have to hurry home, for when the men from Struer rowed inshore, her two brothers, who were fishing for flounder at Kaas, could be expected home, too, and she would have to have a bite and a drop of coffee ready for them.

As soon as she came home, she went to the kitchen, took out the food, and put the kettle on the fire. Humming a tune, she carried the bread and the smoked meat to the table. She would give them a glass of gin, too, for it was a long way to row from Kaas to Venö. The bottle stood in the little hanging cupboard in the alcove. Marian lifted her hand and bent her finger and thumb to take hold of the large key—why, her fingers took hold of nothing but the air! Marian started,

frightened. She hadn't looked at her hand at all, for it knew the way to the cupboard. Now she opened her eyes wide. *The key was not there! The whole cupboard had disappeared!* Where it had been there was a gray spot on the wall, made whitish by many layers of spider's web. Marian's head began to ache badly. The cupboard had been there when she went out with the cows. It couldn't walk away of its own self, that was sure! Her brothers were on the fjord, and she was alone on the farm. It was witchcraft!

Suddenly a thought struck her, a rare and unusual thought. *Thieves!* She realized that the cupboard and its contents must have been stolen—that was all there was about it.

Marian grasped her aching head with her hands, and ran shrieking out of the house.

Just then her brothers came walking up the path from Nörreris with their baskets of fish on their backs.

"The li'l cupboard is stolen!" cried Marian.

The two barelegged men began to run. They looked like wild warriors attacking the enemy.

Not many words were spoken. Weeping, Marian told how long she had been away, and the two brothers, who, like her, were in their fifties, silently felt of the alcove wall to make sure that their eyes did not deceive them. Sure enough, as Marian said, the cupboard was gone from the place where it had been hanging unmolested as long as they could remember. They breathed hard.

"What are we to do?" wailed Marian.

They did not answer, but continued to stare at the empty place.

"Do sit down and have a bite," said their sister at last, and wiped her eyes.

But they remained standing, their clear eyes moving with stiff little jerks. They were thinking.

"Perhaps the thief is still on the

island," said Thomas at last. He was the oldest.

Why, yes. Hope brightened their eyes.

"We had better get up in the hills at once and look for him."

Sören, the younger brother, nodded, and without heeding the food on the table, the two giants ducked their heads in the low doorway and ran towards the Venö hills, one to the north, the other to the south.

Not until evening did they return to Vejbjerg farm. They had been round the whole island, they had looked in every ditch and ravine and had spoken to everybody; but they had found no trace of the thief. Their lean and furrowed Indian-like faces were blazing with the rage of disappointment. Silently they sat down at the table and munched some bread and smoked mutton.

"Now you'd better go to bed," said Marian. "You can do nothing more to-day."

The two brothers did not answer, but it was easy to see that they were not going to sleep off their anger that way.

"Have you told the bailiff?" continued Marian.

"No, what good would that do?"

Marian shook her head with a sigh. No, what good would that do, indeed?

"No," said Thomas Vejbjerg firmly, "now only the wise man in Lime can help us."

The others drew a deep breath of relief. Perhaps Thomas had found a way out. In those days—about a hundred years ago—the wise man in Lime, Visti Pedersen, was famous for his power of finding stolen goods and knocking the thief's eye out.

After cutting another tough slice of the leg-of-mutton and putting it into his mouth, Thomas rose. Sören did exactly the same.

"Mercy—you aren't going across the water tonight?" asked Marian.

"The scoundrel had better not get too much of a start," said Thomas.

Soon after a boat shot out from the Nörreris shore with such violence that it made two big ridges in the fjord. It took the direction towards Salling. When the two brothers stretched their backs, the oars shrieked against the tholes. They were renowned for their strength far beyond the island. Hunger and privation did not affect them any more than their age did. After twenty-four hours of incessant work they were now setting out to row twelve miles.

"The li'l cupboard" was of course not just an ordinary cupboard. It certainly contained more than merely a bottle of gin. In the middle of it there was a special place with a special door, and this place was stuffed full of nothing but silver dollars. They were worth while stretching one's back for once more; every one of them was earned by hard work.

The two brothers and Marian had always lived together on the lonely farm. After the early death of their parents they had agreed to continue running the farm jointly without outside help. They got along unusually well together. Never was there any scolding or swearing heard from them. They were all of a patient disposition, not demanding unreasonable things of one another, but each one convinced that the others did their work thoroughly and well. The farm was poor, with barren soil and much heather, but it would yield them a meager living if they ran it as their parents had done. And all three agreed that this was the best way. The Vejbjerg people often nodded their heads and said: "Yes, yes." Beyond these words recommended to us by the Bible they said but little. None of them was pining for a change of any kind.

The farm yielded enough for their living and for taxes, and besides the brothers had a boat in which they went fishing in slack times. The fish was sold in Struer, either to the dealers or to the vessels that

came with wood from Sweden or Norway. This brought in money, and since the brothers were not a bit inventive when it came to buying things—they burned their own gin and did not smoke, so they thought they needed nothing whatever—they got into the habit of collecting dollars. When penny had been added to penny, and mark to mark, they exchanged the handful of small coin for one weighty silver dollar, which was laid in the middle space in the li'l cupboard. That space could be locked, so that was safe enough. Whereas banks—? Well, they might be all right—the Vejbjerg boys meant no offense to the banks, but they preferred to stick to their own resources. Through more than twenty years they had collected six hundred silver dollars—a block of silver almost heavy enough to ballast a boat. And now that cursed thief—and robber—and hell-hound—had to come and take it all!

Thomas and Sören Vejbjerg strained their muscles and set their teeth hard to keep back an endless string of curses on the malefactor who had robbed them of their treasure.

Shortly before midnight the keel of the boat grated over the sand bottom of Salling shore.

As soon as they knocked, Visti Peder sen came out and greeted them by name, although it was quite dark, and he could not possibly distinguish their faces. In fact, he seemed to be familiar with their errand. They went into the house, and Visti struck a light and lighted a tallow candle. Thomas Vejbjerg reported the theft of the li'l cupboard.

"It was hanging in the alcove," said Visti suddenly.

"Yes," said the brothers. They noticed that Visti had second sight.

"And now you would like me to tell you the name of the thief?"

"Yes."

"But most of all you would like me to knock out his eye?"

The two brothers did not answer right away, but breathed heavily. Visti, who was a short man with a full, red beard, laughed long.

His laughter goaded Thomas. "Yes," he said darkly, "knock out his eye so that it will hang down on his cheek!"

"That's easy," said Visti, and went into the back room. They heard him speak to a woman. When he came back he brought a hammer and a copper nail with him. He laid these things on the table and began to question the brothers about indifferent matters. They answered him absent-mindedly, all the time staring at the red copper nail. Very soon the door opened and the woman came in; her brown hair hung softly down to all sides like a tuft of seaweed on a stone. She handed Visti an egg and left the room silently. She had nothing on except a coarse shift.

Visti broke the egg in the middle of the table, dipped his finger into the white and made a circle on the door with a dot in the center.

"Here we have the eye of the thief," he said. "And when I strike the nail and say, 'I conjure and call thee, Beelzebub,' the thief's eye will spring out of his head, as you wish. But I must strike three times, and for each time you must give me a dollar."

"We didn't bring any money—we got away in such a hurry," mumbled Thomas.

"I know that," said Visti, "but then you must send me the money before St. John's Day."

The brothers nodded. Visti seized nail and hammer, and swore and conjured until he was foaming round the mouth. The Vejbjerg boys held their hands to their heads, as if to shut out the sorcery; they did not hear the whirling words, but the three sharp blows of hammer against nail cut into their consciousness like physical pain. After the last blow they seemed to hear a scream and wailing. They remained seated as if stunned until Visti grasped their shoulders.

"Is it over?" asked Thomas, trembling with horror.

Visti had pulled the nail out of the door and was examining its point closely by the light.

"That's just what it isn't," he said, sucking his teeth thoughtfully. "There is no blood on the point; that shows it hasn't worked. He must have gotten across the water with his booty."

The Vejbjerg men nodded their assent. Yes, that was just what they had thought.

"In that case I can only knock out his eye if I promise his soul to the Evil One. That is the price, once he has got across the water. That's for you to decide."

"For us to decide?"

"Why, yes—it was your money he took."

For a long while the brothers sat thinking hard. Then Thomas said that one third of the money belonged to Marian, so they would have to ask her first. Sören nodded approvingly.

"But you will have to send me the three dollars, for I struck the three blows," said Visti.

"Of course," said the brothers, and rose.

In the back room a child awoke and began to whimper.

At dawn the men reached their home. They said nothing about the result of their trip, but went straight to bed. When Marian had looked after the cows she did the same, and thus the whole family slept until the sun shone in from the south.

After breakfast Thomas began to speak, relating all that had happened at Visti Pedersen's by Lime church. His brain had retained all, as a naked foot placed in the sand carries each little grain along. He had noticed that the copper nail was worn at the point and that Visti had drawn the thief's eye with his second finger, not his first.

Marian listened with frightened eyes.

"He was an ugly-looking fellow, that Visti," continued Thomas.

"Yes—ugh!" said his brother.

"There is no doubt that he is willing and able to find the thief and knock out his eye if we consent to let the Devil take his soul. But you have to give your consent to that, too, Marian. For though we haven't said much about that matter, you know well enough that we consider everything on the farm as belonging to the three of us jointly. So it is your money that the thief has taken, just as much as it is my money or Sören's."

Marian rumpled her gray hair and squinted at the small window-panes.

"You might think it over, Marian. It is a serious thing, and one should not decide it in a hurry."

"What do you think?" asked their sister without looking away from the window.

"I think," said Sören, "that it was a shameful thing what that thief did!"

"It sure was," said Thomas.

"And probably the Devil will get his soul anyway when he dies—so it won't make much difference that we promise it to him now."

"Now let Marian talk," said Thomas. Marian looked down on the ground.

"I'm willing to give up my part if that'll help the poor beggar into heaven," she said.

"I, too," said Thomas at once.

"I'll not be the one to hold back," said Sören soon after with a sigh.

"Well, then we'll do that," said Marian, and moved like a hen making room for her chicks. "We can do without that money. What do we need it for when we have almost everything one can wish?"

"It's a good thing to have money," mumbled Sören.

"It seems to me it's better not to have any," said Marian shaking her old head, "for then it can't be stolen."

"Well—in a way—that may be true."

"I can't look at it in any other way. We don't miss it. We have bread, we have bacon. We have smoked meat and salted meat, potatoes and meal, butter and lard and eggs. We have fish more than half the year. We have everything!"

"Yes—we don't lack anything," said Sören, his soul sated with all the blessings that his sister had depicted.

"We have a paradise on earth," said Marian, raising her voice as if she were singing hymns in Venö church.

"Yes, yes," said both her brothers.

"Should we then envy a poor beggar his heaven when he dies?"

"No, no."

"You two men folks must drink a drop on that," cried Marian triumphantly and jumped up. But suddenly she stopped, embarrassed, and looked down towards the earth floor, as she said meekly: "Oh—that's almost the worst—to be sure the bottle stood in the li'l cupboard!"

CURRENT EVENTS



U · S · A ·

¶ President Hoover's proposal of debt suspension for one year has been characterized by European statesmen as comparable in importance only to our entrance into the World War. In this country it was followed by an immediate rally of the stock market and a general optimistic feeling. The plan, which has the approval of American public leaders of all parties, including the authors of the Dawes and the Young Plan respectively, calls for the postponement during one year of all payments on intergovernmental debts, reparations, and relief debts, both principal and interest. Its purpose is "to give the forthcoming year to the economic recovery of the world and to help free the recuperative forces already in motion in the United States from retarding influences from abroad." All the nations concerned have given their approval of the American proposal. ¶ On June 16, after a delay of three years, the tomb of President Warren G. Harding, at Marion, Ohio, was dedicated in the presence of President Hoover, former President Coolidge, and a large number of the late President's associates. In the dedicatory speech, Mr. Hoover said: "Warren Harding had a dim realization that he had been betrayed by a few men whom he had trusted, by men whom he had believed were his devoted friends. It was later proved in the courts of the land that these men had betrayed not alone the friendship and trust of their staunch and loyal friend, but they had betrayed their country. That was the tragedy of the life of Warren Harding." Eulogistic addresses were pronounced by former President Coolidge and ex-Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen. The dedication of the Harding tomb brings to an end the criti-

cism launched at President Hoover for long delay in accepting an invitation to speak on the occasion. ¶ Earlier in the week, in a speech at Indianapolis, President Hoover advocated the adoption of a twenty-year plan for the development of the United States. Declaring that by 1960 there would be twenty million more people in the country, the President said in substance that this increased population would call for an enormous program of home building, new educational institutions, hospitals, and churches. He pleaded for a farsighted anticipation of these needs. ¶ The American Medical Association at its recent meeting in Philadelphia announced that certain food products would be definitely approved by the Association, and permission would be granted to advertise this approval. This will allow purchasers of patent and preserved products to ascertain the true value of the foods from a medical point of view. ¶ In one of its most notable decisions of the past few years, the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the freedom of the press by declaring unconstitutional a Minnesota law under which a tabloid had been suppressed. The decision showed that five of the Justices of the Court, including Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes, had become a liberal majority. The four dissenting Justices filed a minority opinion. ¶ "Scarface" Al Capone, famous Chicago gang leader, who has so long eluded the attempts of State and Federal authorities to convict him, finally surrendered on June 18. Pleading guilty to evasion of the Federal income tax laws and to thousands of violations of the prohibition laws, Capone faces a maximum prison sentence of thirty-four years. ¶ Sixty-six years after the end of the Civil War a statue of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, was placed in the statuary hall of the Nation-

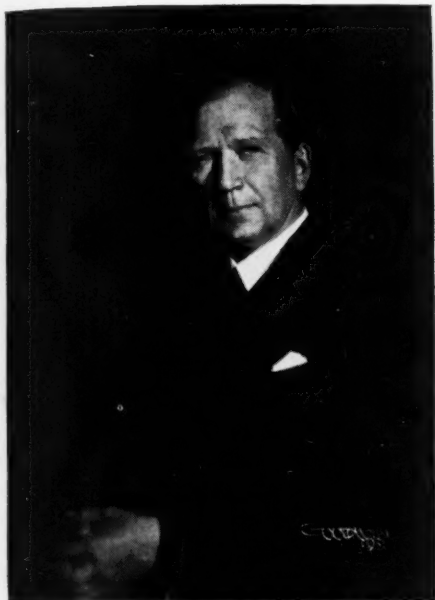
al Capitol at Washington by the State of Mississippi. Even ten years ago many protests would have been received; today with the War receding into history, the statue of Davis will remind the country that the old enmities are over forever. ¶ Instead of awaiting the opening of the Disarmament Conference which will convene at Geneva in the winter, Secretary of State Stimson has already deposited with the League of Nations a complete record of the strength of the land and naval forces of the United States. The United States is the first important nation to disclose such figures regarding its army and navy, and it is hoped that other countries will follow suit. ¶ The Treasury Department announced that receipts from the Federal income tax and foreign debt payments had reduced the government's deficit for the present fiscal year by \$74,000,000. The deficit stood on June 16 at \$1,017,241,000. The income tax levy is 50 per cent under that of June 1930, but the tobacco tax declined only \$5,000,000 for eleven months of the present fiscal year as compared with the last. ¶ Many honorary degrees were awarded to distinguished public men at the university commencements held in June. Senator Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey received an LL.D. from Bowdoin College. Harvard conferred honorary doctorates on Harvey Cushing, famous surgeon, Thomas W. Lamont, financier, Justice Harlan Fiske Stone of the United States Supreme Court, Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War in President Wilson's cabinet, and Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts. At Princeton, Willa Cather, the famous novelist, received an honorary doctorate of letters, the first woman to be so honored at that University. ¶ On July 4 at Poznan, Poland, a city which before the war was in German territory and was then called Posen, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson unveiled a statue of America's war-time President. The statue, by Gutzon Borglum, stands twenty

feet high, and the figure holds extended a scroll to symbolize the treaty and the covenant. It is fitting for Poland to thus honor Wilson who made the restoration of the country to independence one of his famous fourteen points. Strangely enough, Mrs. Wilson and her party while guests of the Polish government occupied a castle built by the former Kaiser before the war.



SWEDEN

¶ The Swedish Riksdag is preparing to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of its existence, its first recorded session having been held in 1435. As part of this celebration, an elaborate parliamentary history will be published. The first volume, dealing with the early period, or from 1435 to the end of the Middle Ages, has been released. Three more volumes, written by eminent scholars, are expected this year, bringing the history of the national assembly up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The work is being prepared with the authority of the Riksdag itself, the idea having originated with the late Värner Rydén, Social-Democratic member and former Minister of Church and Education. The editorial board consists of Dr. Karl Hildebrand, chairman of the Public Debt Commission; Governor Nils Edén; Government Antiquarian Helge Almquist; Professor Axel Brusewitz, and Per Albin Hansson, Social-Democratic member of the Riksdag and former Minister of National Defense. It is expected that the last part of the work will be ready in 1935 when the five-hundredth anniversary of the Riksdag will be observed with elaborate festivities. ¶ The current session of the Riksdag closed with customary ceremonies. Among the more important proposals adopted was the establishment of a grain monopoly under government control. Thus a "Grain Association," founded in accordance with this measure, com-



Photograph by Goodwin

MR. GUNNAR FANT, NEWLY ELECTED MAYOR
OF STOCKHOLM

posed of Swedish flour-mill owners, has the monopoly rights for the importation of rye and wheat, and of flour made from rye and wheat. It will purchase all wheat and rye of milling quality, of the 1930 Swedish crop which is offered to it between June 15 and July 31, this year, at 20.50 kronor for wheat and 17.50 kronor for rye, both prices per hundred kilograms, delivered at coast mills. At the same time regulations requiring that all flour imported into Sweden must be mixed with flour from domestic grain were continued effective under the grain monopoly arrangement. Licenses to be granted by the "Grain Association" must be secured for all imports of foreign wheat flour and such foreign flour must be mixed with domestic flour to the extent of 15 per cent imported to 85 per cent native. ¶ Another important proposal which the Riksdag endorsed was a loan of 18,500,000 kronor, to be taken up in Sweden, but used by the German State railways for the building of a new railway bridge between the

island of Rügen and the German mainland. When ready, this connection will shorten considerably the traveling time between Stockholm and Berlin. ¶ The Swedish Social Service Department, headed by Dr. Gunnar Huss, has in a letter to the Government, taken a stand opposed to unemployment insurance. The Department considers it expensive and only partially effective. ¶ Two new units were added to the Swedish navy with the launching of the destroyers *Klas Horn* and *Klas Uggle*, both named for Swedish naval heroes. The *Klas Horn* took the water from the ways of the Kockum Shipyard, in Malmö, in the presence of Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf and Crown Princess Louise, Prime Minister Carl Gustaf Ekman, Minister of Foreign Affairs Baron Fredrik Ramel, and many high navy and army officers. The *Klas Uggle* was launched from the navy yard in Karlskrona. Both vessels have a displacement of about 1,000 tons, and are propelled with de Laval turbines to a maximum speed of 35 knots. They are sister ships to the *Nordenskiöld* and the *Ehrenskiöld*, which recently, together with the armored cruiser *Drottning Victoria*, represented the Swedish navy in Libau at the tenth anniversary of the Latvian fleet. At the same time preparations were made to lay the keel in Gothenburg for Sweden's first airplane carrier. ¶ A direct exchange of goods between Sweden and Soviet Russia is being seriously discussed in the Swedish press. Lending weight to the argument was a recent agreement signed in Stockholm by representatives of the Persian government and a combine of eleven major Swedish industries calling for an exchange of goods between the two countries to a total value of 100,000,000 kronor. The transaction, expected to cover about five years, will be carried out through a Stockholm clearing house. It will be financed up to two-thirds by the Swedish Cooperative Society, the largest retail and wholesale organization

in the country, which now claims every fourth Swede as a member. Among the internationally known manufacturers which participate in the agreement with Persia are Asea, of Västerås; the Atlas Diesel Company, of Stockholm; the Swedish Steel Combine; the Götaverken; Nydqvist & Holm, locomotive builders; the Nobel Power Works, and the Swedish Cooperative Society. ¶ Against a setting of ancient Viking burial mounds, a colorful religious spectacle was produced at Old Uppsala, one of the most historic spots in Sweden. Written by Olof Thunman, celebrated Swedish poet and artist, the play describes the dramatic struggle between paganism and Christian faith nearly a thousand years ago. The actors and actresses, numbering several hundred, were attired in costumes of the epoch. The visitors who thronged from near and far showed particular interest in the venerable church which is built on the site of a heathen altar of sacrifice and which served as part of the settings. ¶ Deep appreciation was voiced by Swedish scientists at the generous help received from America in the form of a donation of \$100,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Stockholm University. The gift, according to President Sven Tunberg, will be used for the construction of a new building to house the University's departments of sociology, statistics, and economics. In addition, the Rockefeller Foundation donated \$30,000 to the same institution for certain sociological research work. Drawings for the new buildings were made by Professor Erik Lallerstedt, prominent Stockholm architect, who designed the Stockholm Polytechnical College. It will match the recently erected structure occupied by the Bio-Chemical Institute of the University, built chiefly by means of an earlier donation from the Rockefeller Foundation. ¶ The largest theater in Scandinavia will open in Stockholm this fall, according to plans formulated. Located in the old cir-

cus building, which is being modernized and enlarged, the playhouse will have 1,800 seats. The stage will have a depth of fifteen meters and approximately the same width. Helmer Enwall, well known Stockholm manager, will head the new enterprise, which will sponsor important dramatic productions. ¶ Stockholm's Royal Opera, originally founded in 1773 by King Gustaf III, plans to begin this year's season as early as August 8, offering a program of classic and modern operas.



NORWAY

¶ In June the Norwegian Arctic Council petitioned the Norwegian Government to proclaim its sovereignty over those parts of East Greenland which for more than a generation have been used by Norwegian hunters and fishermen. The Government, however, has refused to commit itself in this delicate matter of international controversy. The Storting, in closed session, debated the question of sovereignty, an incident which has been followed by keen comment in the press of the land. The conservative *Norges Handels og Sjöfartstidende* had this to say of the affair: "We want to have the East Greenland question submitted to an international decision, because we have confidence in our rights, and trust that the Hague Tribunal, eventually the League of Nations, will grant us those rights. Moreover, we want to have this affair closed, because we want to keep up friendly relations with Denmark. This affair should not be allowed to envenom the relation between the two nations. They ought to agree in all friendliness to ask for an international decision, and accept the result whatever it may be. We have nothing to conceal, no dark purposes requiring secrecy. We only want to safeguard the interests of our countrymen." ¶ The situation became acute when a private Norwegian hunting party hoisted the

Norwegian flag, occupying Myggbukta in East Greenland. A wireless despatch to the *Tidens Tegn* reported the incident, and *Tidens Tegn* asked the Norwegian Government to stand back of the flag raisers in Myggbukta, but the Government has refused to do so. The Norwegians claim that they have never acknowledged Danish sovereignty over Greenland, which was a province of Norway until the dissolution of the Danish-Norwegian Union in 1814, when the outlying possessions of Norway remained with the Danish Kingdom. ¶ The production of the Norwegian whaling industry up to the middle of April amounted to 2,271,957 casks of oil, as compared to 1,679,873 on the same date last year. Of this year's production 550,020 casks remain unsold. The Storting has authorized the Department of Commerce to relinquish the collection of port dues on whale-oil imported from the polar regions in order to be temporarily stored in Norway. The decision recently made known by the British Margarine Trust Unilever that it intended to send a whaling expedition to the Antarctic on a more extensive scale than ever, at a time when the huge Norwegian fleet is facing idleness, has created a feeling of bitterness throughout Norway. It has been pointed out that the intended action on the part of Unilever would be inconsistent with the British fair dealing in business which has always been highly appreciated in Norway. A battle for the tremendously profitable whale-oil market is brewing. The Norwegian Whale Gunners' Association does not seem inclined to put up with Unilever, and has passed a resolution to the effect that the British ships will be boycotted by the expert Norwegian gunners, without whom it is difficult to achieve success in the Antarctic. ¶ Norway has passed into its fourth month of a labor conflict which virtually amounts to a general strike. The public arbitrator has offered numerous projects for a settlement, but



PRIME MINISTER M. KOLSTAD, HEAD OF NORWAY'S FIRST PEASANT GOVERNMENT

so far all negotiations have stranded. The value of exports has decreased alarmingly, and it is feared that Norway will face considerable hardships when it attempts to regain the markets lost during the strike and lockout. The Norwegian Shipowners' Association states that approximately 1,306,000 tons of ships are laid up. ¶ During the last few years a number of modern office buildings have been erected in Oslo. There has also been a great deal of residential building in the suburbs of the capital. One and two family houses seem to be most popular. Building regulations are severe. The designs must meet certain specifications, and all materials, including plumbing, heating, and electrical equipment, must be approved. Central heating plants are now considered a necessity, and are mostly of the hot water type. Modern apartments are invariably equipped with bathrooms, and many with electric refriger-

erators, electricity being very cheap in Norway. ¶ Knut Hamsun, eminent Norwegian author, has given away 100,000 kroner. Of the amount, 25,000 went to the Authors' League, 25,000 to the Painters' and Sculptors' League, and the remaining 50,000 was divided between two orphanages. ¶ The Hannevig case has been the center of vivid newspaper comment during the last weeks. Hannevig claimed that he lost \$20,000,000 when his shipbuilding wharves were taken over by the Shipping Board. He brought suit against the Board, but his claims were refused, the American State Department denouncing them as invalid. Mr. Hannevig, however, being a Norwegian citizen, is trying to persuade the Norwegian Government to bring his case against the United States before the World Court of Arbitration at the Hague. The Government has refused to take sides in the controversy, but the Foreign Relations Committee of the Storting has agreed to look into the matter when it convenes in the fall. Professor Gjelsvik, well known Norwegian jurist, maintains that Mr. Hannevig has a good case against the United States. ¶ In connection with the Björnson Centenary in 1932 there is being arranged a large exhibition of Björnson portraits and caricatures in the Oslo University library. Four hundred Björnson pictures have already been collected in Norway, and one hundred and sixty in Denmark. On Sweden's holdings there has not yet been reported. A memorial volume containing the caricatures is also being prepared by Peter Bugge and F. N. Wexelsen of the University library. ¶ Czechoslovakia, whose struggle for liberty Björnson aided, has decided to honor his memory by dedicating a mountain peak to him. The side of the mountain is to have his name cut in it in letters 8 meters high and 17 centimeters deep. The name will cover a space 48 meters long and beneath it a verse is to be inscribed.



DENMARK

¶ On June 16 the great Danish expedition to Greenland set sail from Copenhagen in two ships, the *Godthaab* and the *Gustav Holm*, under the leadership of Dr. Lauge Koch, who for almost two decades has been engaged in exploring unknown parts of Greenland. The party, which will be away three years, numbers sixty-six persons; it comprises a large number of scientists, and carries a great deal in the way of equipment and stores. The working field of the expedition will be East Greenland, where a careful survey will be made of meteorological conditions and natural resources in the region between Scoresby Sound and Denmark Harbor. The findings of the scientists will have a great bearing on determining the feasibility of colonizing this territory with Eskimos. ¶ The decision of the Danish Government to give Lauge Koch, as leader of this large expedition, police powers not only over Danish subjects but also over any other persons in the territory, has been the immediate occasion of rendering acute the disagreement between Denmark and Norway over East Greenland. While Denmark claims sovereignty over the whole of Greenland, Norway claims that the part of East Greenland north of Scoresby Sound is no man's land and thus open to Norwegian occupation. The action of the Norwegian Arctic Council in advising its Government to declare East Greenland Norwegian territory was commented upon by Prime Minister Stauning as follows: "With regard to the threat of occupation of East Greenland, I can only reiterate what I have before stated, that if anything whatsoever of this kind happens, the case must immediately be brought before an international tribunal, either the League of Nations or the World Court at the Hague. Denmark can rest assured that no one will dispute the right which

we have had for several hundred years, and which Norway has acknowledged by the peace of 1814 and later by act of the Storting in 1821." ¶ A delegation of members of the Rigsdag and other officials, with representatives of the press and others interested to a number of fifty persons, left Copenhagen on a study trip to West Greenland, June 10. As an indication of the personal friendliness persisting between Norwegians and Danes it may be mentioned that two young Norwegians, Martin Mehrens and Arne Høigaard, went with the party. They intend to go on skis across the mainland from west to east and will meet Lauge Koch's expedition in East Greenland. ¶ On June 24 the Danish aviator, Captain Holger Høiriis, and Otto Hillig, a wealthy photographer of Liberty, New York, born in Germany, hopped off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, for Copenhagen, Denmark. They hoped to make the first direct flight from the United States to Copenhagen, a goal other aviators have set themselves but none yet achieved. Thick weather threw them off their course, and when, after safely crossing the Atlantic, land was sighted the following day, they found themselves flying over Spain, France, and Germany. They landed first at Krefeld in the German Rhineland and after a short rest proceeded to Bremen, but were too weary and exhausted to go on that evening to Copenhagen, where an enormous crowd, estimated at between seventy-five and one hundred thousand persons, had awaited them all day at the Kastrup Airport. They landed there the next day and received a tremendous welcome from a throng of sixty thousand. King Christian bestowed the Order of Dannebrog on Captain Høiriis, and both the aviators received the gold medal of the Danish Royal Aeronautical Society. ¶ Art lovers of the old school will have an unusual pleasure this coming autumn when Danish and German art from the beginning

of the nineteenth century will be exhibited in Copenhagen. The exhibition, which will be held in the salons of the old Hirschsprung Museum, has been arranged through the efforts of Mr. Leo Swane, director of the State Museum of Art. German museums will cooperate by loaning a number of paintings from the period. At the same time Mr. Swane has announced the purchase by the State Museum of Art of six paintings, among which will be found a Hobbema and two Rembrandts. ¶ If the report of the once powerful organization Musikforeningen were to be taken as an indication, it would seem that interest in music must have declined in the capital city. At its recent meeting the annual budget showed a deficit of approximately 15,000 kroner, and the number of members was said to have declined from 10,000 to 700. Mr. Julius Clausen, who has been a member since the heyday of the association when the famous composer Niels Gade was director, proposed that an effort should be made to gather all musical societies of the city in one great organization. ¶ A new museum will be made a part of Kronborg Castle to commemorate historical events in connection with the famous spot. There will be a collection of paintings and of various objects from the time when the castle ruled the entrance to the Baltic. As our readers will remember, Kronborg already contains a marine museum of great interest. ¶ Housing conditions in the Danish capital seem somewhat improved, as indicated in the report of the special Committee for the Homeless, which has been in operation since 1916. At the time of greatest depression, in 1924, there were more than 2,200 families cared for by the committee. This number has now been reduced to a little over 700 families. ¶ The recent death of Mr. Vagn Jacobsen, president of the famous Carlsberg Breweries, while yet a comparatively young man, has been a shock to his countrymen.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

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Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

The Scandinavian Union Library Catalogue

The Foundation wishes once more to draw the attention of its Associates who are interested in Scandinavian literature to the existence in the Harvard College Library of the Scandinavian Union Library Catalogue. This Catalogue is the property of the Foundation, by which it is maintained, and is at the disposal not only of our Associates but the public as well. The Catalogue is arranged by authors, and through it the location of books by a particular author may be ascertained. The Union Catalogue covers the most important libraries in the United States and includes periodicals as well as books. Although at the present time it is an authors' catalogue only, it is hoped that in the not distant future it will be arranged by subjects as well. It will then become possible to answer general questions concerning the whereabouts of books on specific subjects, whereas at present a book can be located only if the author's name is known.

The Foundation recommends the use of the Union Catalogue, and all inquiries will be cheerfully answered if addressed

to Mr. T. Franklin Currier, Assistant Librarian, Harvard College Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Schofield Memorial Collection of Icelandic Literature

A notable collection of Icelandic literature has been presented to the Harvard library by Mrs. William Henry Schofield, of Peterboro, New Hampshire, as a memorial to her husband, who was professor and chairman of the department of comparative literature in the University from 1908 until his death in 1920. He was interested in the Foundation from its inception, became a member of the original Board of Trustees, and its president from 1917.

Harvard Alumni Bulletin for June 11 contains "Ultima Thule at Harvard; an Article on Icelandic Books in the Library," by F. Stanton Cawley, from which we have drawn for data on the new gift.

The collection was formerly the private library of Mr. Kristjan Kristjansson, of Reykjavik, who, having no sons, decided to dispose of his books during his lifetime, in order to make sure they should

go to a place where they would be properly cared for. He therefore himself offered it for sale.

Among the older books is the *Guth-brandarbiblia*, the first complete Icelandic translation of the Scriptures by Bishop Guthbrandur Thorlaksson (1542-1627), issued from the Cathedral Press at Holar in Northern Iceland in 1584, in home-made calfskin binding. There are also a number of other Bibles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The works of the religious poet Hallgrímur Pjetursson (1614-74) make up a large section of the library. Of his famous *Passion Hymns* there are ten different editions.

There are rare copies from limited editions of the world's classics translated into Icelandic, and about six hundred books of prose and verse by modern authors.

In the field of periodical literature, a hobby of the collector, the collection is unrivalled.

Harvard has had an earlier gift of Icelandic books, a collection of medieval literature in the library of the German scholar Konrad von Maurer, which was presented to the college library by Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge in 1904. The Schofield Collection now supplements this in a most fortunate way, according to the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

Fellows of the Foundation

Mr. Borre Qvamme, Fellow of the Foundation from Norway, who has been a student at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, for the past year, sailed from New York on the S.S. *Stavangerfjord* on June 19.

Mr. Thorsten Larson, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in San Francisco in June and has taken up his duties with the United States Forest Service at Pendleton, Oregon.

Mr. Eric Cyril Bellquist, Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden, returned on the M.S. *Drottningholm*, which arrived in

New York on June 15. Mr. Bellquist, who also held a fellowship from the University of California, has been studying government and politics at Uppsala, and has visited all of the Scandinavian capitals during his stay abroad. While in Sweden, he was invited to accompany the Swedish delegation to the meetings of the League of Nations at Geneva. The University of California has offered Mr. Bellquist a fellowship for the coming year, and he will continue his studies there.

Mr. Gösta Björk, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden and well known violinist, returned to Sweden on the M.S. *Drottningholm* on July 16. Mr. Björk has been studying educational methods in music at various educational institutions in New York for the past few months.

Dr. Ernst Antevs, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, 1920-21, was awarded half of the Research Corporation Prize of \$2,500 through the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Fellows' Publications

In *Friheten och Västståndet; Amerikanska Essayer*, Åke Thulstrup, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, 1930, for the study of journalism and political science, has recorded his observations. Many illustrations from photographs accompany the text. The book is published by Albert Bonnier in Stockholm.

Thor M. Andersen, a librarian at the University Library in Oslo, Fellow of the Foundation from Norway 1926-27, has published a treatise on the public libraries of Norway, *Vår Folkebibliotekorganisation; en kort utredning og et forslag*.

The Odin Club of Worcester

Mr. Neilson Abeel, Secretary of the Foundation, visited Worcester, Massachusetts, on June 11 and attended a dinner given at the Worcester Country Club by the Odin Club of that city. After dinner, Mr. Abeel in a brief speech outlined the purposes and work of the Foundation.

Other guests at the dinner were Mr. George N. Jeppson, a Trustee of the Foundation, and Congressman Per Holmes.

The New York Chapter

Baroness Alma Dahlerup, who for many years was chairman of the Social Committee, is now chairman of the Students' Committee. Mr. Albert Van Sandt, editor of the Danish weekly *Nordlyset*, is chairman of the Publicity Committee.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

A Danish-American Historical Society

A group of Danish-Americans met not long ago in the Harvard Club in New York as the dinner guests of Commissioner of Social Welfare, Dr. Charles Johnson. They had been brought together to discuss the founding of a Danish-American Historical Association, which should by means of publications in English preserve the records of Danish-American history. The association would plan to affiliate with other historical societies both here and in Denmark.

Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York, whose grandparents came from Denmark, proposed that a Founders' Committee be formed, consisting of from fifty to one hundred persons, who should elect an executive board and start a campaign for members.

Dr. Charles Johnson was elected chairman, and Carl Christian Jensen, the author of *An American Saga*, was made secretary.

Freuchen Visits America

Peter Freuchen, the famous Danish Arctic explorer and author, visited America in the early summer. He came to discuss business matters with his publisher, Horace Liveright, who not long ago brought out *Eskimo*, which is now to be followed by two other books. There were film offers from Hollywood to be consid-

ered and also a visit to Washington, where the Danish Minister presented him to President Hoover.

Sigrid Undset in Gotland

Sigrid Undset has been paying a visit this summer to Visby on the island of Gotland. Teeming with ancient and medieval history, and filled with ruined churches within its crumbling stone walls, this city has since her youth held a special interest for Fru Undset, for her father, Ingvald Undset, was an archeologist in whose studies she shared, long before she began writing her great historical novels with their portrayal of life in the North in the Middle Ages.

When asked if she did not feel irresistibly inspired by this environment, her answer was that she was tired of writing about the medieval period, and that her journey was not for study but purely for recreation.

A French Monument to Amundsen and the "Latham" Crew

At Caudebec-en-Caux, on June 21, there was dedicated a monument to Roald Amundsen, Captain René Guilbaud, and three other members of the crew of the French naval seaplane *Latham-47*, which disappeared in the Arctic regions three years ago when it flew from Tromsø, Norway, to the rescue of General Nobile and the crew of the Italian dirigible, *Italia*, wrecked on the ice of Northeast Land, May 25, 1928.

The monument was unveiled in the presence of General Umberto Nobile, the Assistant Secretary of the Italian Navy, Signor Riccardi, and the Norwegian Minister Plenipotentiary to France, Erik Colban. An address was delivered by the French Minister of Air, Jacques-Louis Dumesnil.

Riis Park to Be Developed

An interesting new plan for the development of Jacob Riis Park in the Rockaways has recently been offered to the Queens Park Department by Harold

A. Caparn, architect and member of the parks committee of the City Club. The park, which the city has had for about fifteen years, is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on one side and Jamaica Bay on the other, and it consists of about 150 acres, but the plans of the Park Department call for filling in along the bay side to bring the total area to 250 acres. Aside from the beach, boardwalk, athletic field, tennis court, playgrounds, and other features, the City Club architect suggests an eighteen-hole golf course, as "the most suitable from an economic and popular standpoint and the only one that will retain the natural growth and shrubbery that centuries have produced."

Another Scandinavian Singer Joins the Metropolitan Opera

Göta Ljungberg, the Swedish opera singer whose specialty is Wagner, has signed an agreement with the Metropolitan Opera for the next five years. She formerly sang leading rôles at the State Opera in Berlin. Her musical education she received in Stockholm, London, Milan, and Berlin, and she made her operatic début at the Stockholm Opera in 1918, singing the part of Elsa in *Lohengrin*. Miss Ljungberg has appeared in most of the leading Wagnerian soprano rôles, and has sung the parts of Tosca, Carmen, and Mona Lisa besides those of the Wagnerian repertory.

Travel in Finland

In common with the other Northern countries, Finland has a national Tourist Association, which gladly gives every detail of information to those who are thinking of a visit. The Association's office on Norra Esplanadegatan in Helsingfors (Helsinki), not only answers inquiries, but plans itineraries. The traveler may make his choice from a dozen or more tours offered, costing from \$40 upward. A great motoring road which stretches away to the Arctic Ocean has recently

been opened. It penetrates three hundred and fifty miles farther north than Iceland, and along its route are hotels for the tourist, open both summer and winter. Should he prefer ancient and historic cities, there are several of these on the southern seaboard. Inland he can visit the marvelous lake district.

Professor Sigurdur Nordal to Teach at Harvard University

Sigurdur Nordal, professor of Icelandic literature at the University of Iceland in Reykjavik, will come to Harvard for the academic year 1931-32 as the fifth holder of the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry.

Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet, has the distinction of having had two of his books chosen by the American Library Association to be entered on a selected list of one hundred books which every American between the ages of twenty and forty-five should read. The books are *Abraham Lincoln—the Prairie Years*, and *The American Songbag*.

A further honor came to this Swedish American author at the commencement exercises of Northwestern University in Evanston in June when he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.

Gift for the John Ericsson Room of the John Morton Memorial Building

Professor Olle Hjortsberg of Stockholm has recently completed a large mural painting for the John Ericsson room of the John Morton Memorial Building in Philadelphia. The picture is a triptych, executed on wood to fit into the wood paneled walls of the room, and the large central painting portrays Ericsson submitting his plans to the naval committee. One side panel depicts Abraham Lincoln, the other the naval battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.



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Many Rooms with Twin Beds and
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The Saga of The Volsungs The Saga of Ragnar Lodbrok The Lay of Kraka

The finest of Scandinavian heroic legends, told in connected prose form in **THE SAGA OF THE VOLSUNGS**, has been completely and independently translated from the original text. It tells of a mythical race of heroes sprung from Odin, who filled the world with their fame, until the greatest of them all, Sigurd, was slain through the jealousy of Brynhild and the treachery of his wife's kinsmen.

THE SAGA OF RAGNAR LODBROK, marked by the adventurous spirit of the Viking Age, continues the line of Volsung heroes through the marriage of Ragnar to Sigurd's daughter, Aslaug.

THE LAY OF KRAKA is a monologue spoken by Ragnar just before his death.

These three pieces are now for the first time presented together in an English translation by Margaret Schlauch.

Price \$2.50

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Aug. 14.....	STAVANGERFJORD.....	Aug. 29
Aug. 25.....	BERGENFJORD	Sept. 12
Sept. 15.....	STAVANGERFJORD.....	Oct. 3

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TRADE NOTES

HIGHER BUTTER PRICES EXPECTED

Butter dealers in the Scandinavian countries are now of the opinion that the lowest prices for butter have been reached and that there will be increases shortly. The market has felt the recent large shipments of butter from Denmark, Ireland, and Russia. There has been a marked decrease, however, of shippings from the British colonies.

NORWAY REPORTS DECREASED EXPORT

Norway has a marked decrease in exports. The business statistics for the month of April show a decrease from about 62,000,000 kroner to 33,000,000 kroner, or almost 50 per cent. Imports for the same period also show a decrease, although not in proportion to the exports. Imports were reported to be of 79,000,000 kroner against 86,000,000 kroner. Denmark reports for the month of May that exports were larger than imports, giving the figures respectively as 121,200,000 kroner and 119,100,000. This result was achieved chiefly because ships of a value of 13,000,000 kroner were delivered to Norway.

WIVEL CHANGES NAME TO WIWEX

The famous old restaurant in Copenhagen, on the outskirts of the Tivoli Gardens, has now changed from the family name of Wivel to Wiwex. The change was necessitated by the death of the old owner of the restaurant and the subsequent sale from the Wivel family to other hands. It has

raised a storm of indignation, as the Wivel for years has been an accepted institution with the Danes and known in most of Europe.

WHALERS WILL NOT SAIL THIS YEAR

The whalers of Norway, who were reported extremely successful in their catch last season, have decided not to set sail for the South Polar regions this coming season. It is feared that there is an overproduction of whale oil in the world, and it is in an attempt both to preserve the prices of this product, and to preserve the ever diminishing number of whales, that this plan has been adopted.

SWEDISH EXPORT SALES

Speaking at a meeting of the Swedish Association, Prime Minister Carl Gustaf Ekman pointed out the enormous increase in Swedish export in the last thirty years. Statistics, which he introduced, showed that this increase amounts to 1,800,000,000 kroner over 350,000,000 kroner of thirty years ago. The last ten years, he further stated, have brought great difficulties, but even with those the increase has been almost normal. He also said that the major part of the increase could be attributed to the pulp and paper industries, but that all industries, including agriculture, had been part of the increase.

ADVERTISING MEN MEET

At the same time as the great convention of advertising men met in New York, a similar con-

(Continued on page 510)

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DIRECT to NORWAY and DENMARK,Quick connections
to **SWEDEN****LARGE, STEADY, COMFORTABLE
STEAMERS****1931**

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		•	
Aug. 12	Aug. 13	United States	Aug. 29
		•	
Aug. 27	Aug. 28	Frederik VIII	Sept. 12
		•	
Sept. 16	Sept. 17	United States	Oct. 3
		•	
Oct. 1	Oct. 2	Frederik VIII	Oct. 15*
		•	
Oct. 21	Oct. 22	United States	Nov. 7
		•	
Nov. 15		Hellig Olav	Dec. 1
		•	
Nov. 23	Nov. 24	Frederik VIII	Dec. 9
		•	
Dec. 9	Dec. 10	United States	Dec. 29
		•	

STEAMERS SAIL at 11 A.M.
New York City Time

*Sails at 5 p.m.

**SUMMER IN
SCANDINAVIA—**

The late summer and the autumn is the season of the year, when tourists will most enjoy the colorful beauty of the northern wonderlands. You want to see the famous fjords of Norway, the land of the midnight-sun; and Stockholm, Sweden's capital, called "the northern Venice"; and you will tour through the smiling landscapes of Denmark and visit its interesting capital Copenhagen, "the Paris of the North."

From Copenhagen you will find very convenient and fast daily communications by modern express trains to Germany, England, France, etc.—also splendid regular air-services.

Write to our offices for free literature on Scandinavia and see our nearest agent for reservations now.

MINIMUM RATES:

CABIN \$140 and \$145, one way, less 7½%
CLASS reduction for round trip:
Eastbound July 16-May 15.
Westbound Oct. 1-July 31.

TOURIST \$198 and \$203, round trip
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COMBINATION PASSENGER, FAST FREIGHT AND U. S. MAIL SERVICE
"The American Route to Northern Europe"

Direct—New York to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsingfors and to the
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ONE CLASS	ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS EXCELLENT CUISINE	
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COPENHAGEN	\$125.00	\$240.00
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DANZIG	125.00	240.00
STOCKHOLM	135.00	260.00
HELSINGFORS	145.00	280.00
LENINGRAD	145.00	280.00

Reduced Winter Rates go into Effect Aug. 15

Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Leningrad	S.S. ARGOSY	Aug. 6
Copenhagen, Gdynia, Helsingfors, Leningrad	S.S. CHICKASAW	Aug. 13
Copenhagen, Helsingfors, Leningrad	S.S. BIRD CITY	Aug. 20
Copenhagen, Gdynia, Leningrad	S.S. CLIFFWOOD	Aug. 27

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TRADE NOTES

(Continued from page 508)

vention took place in Copenhagen with more than five hundred persons attending. Prime Minister Stauning was made honorary president. Representatives of the other Scandinavian countries took part in the meetings. A very full program occupied the three days of the convention. The speakers pointed out that the old feeling of opposition to advertising, which had been in evidence up to a few years ago, was now a thing of the past. The buying public now looked to the advertising pages of their paper for guidance, and the increased bulk of the papers showed the change that had taken place. Advertising men now regarded their vocation as part of a nation's cultural life.

BRITISH COOPERATIVE SOCIETY CELEBRATED

Fifty years ago the Cooperative Wholesale Society of Great Britain was founded. This company started the export of Danish agricultural products, and thereby became one of the chief factors in developing Denmark's foreign trade. It was therefore natural that the fiftieth anniversary of the society should be celebrated with a great banquet in Copenhagen and be hailed by the press throughout the country. The society is one of the leading firms in the world in the matter of dealing with agricultural products. Its annual business with Denmark amounts to 175,000,000 kroner.

SHIPPING NOTES

SHIPYARDS IN SWEDEN SHOW PROSPEROUS YEAR

In spite of the trade depression, Swedish shipyards had a prosperous year in 1930 with an excellent outlook for the future. Not less than 100 per cent of all the ships launched in Sweden during that period took the water in Gothenburg, where the three largest shipyards of the country are located. These are the Göta Works, the Eriksberg Shipbuilding Company, and the Lindholm yard. Nineteen boats, with a tonnage of more than 150,000, were completed, distributed over the three companies as follows: Göta Works, ten vessels of a combined dead weight of 93,950 tons; Eriksberg, six ships of 45,000 tons, and the Lindholm, the smaller boats. The Göta output was said to establish a Scandinavian record in shipbuilding. The Kockum plant in Malmö finished four large motor ships, averaging 9,000 tons.

The ships were made to order for shipping interests in Sweden, Norway, and Poland. Norway ordered the largest ships ever constructed in the Göta yards, the motor tankers *C. G. Brovig* and *Velma*. Each has a cargo capacity of about 13,000 tons. Interesting are the construction of the smaller cargo vessels *Larviksfjord* and *Tønnesfjord*, of 5,800 tons dead weight capacity each, with a speed of more than 16 knots per hour. It is expected that they will make the trip from Bergen, Norway, to their transatlantic destination, New York, in from nine to ten days.

(Continued on page 512)

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8-9 Days to Gothenburg

The Gateway to **Sweden — Norway — Denmark**

With close connections to all points in Scandinavia and on the Continent

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"KUNGSHOLM"

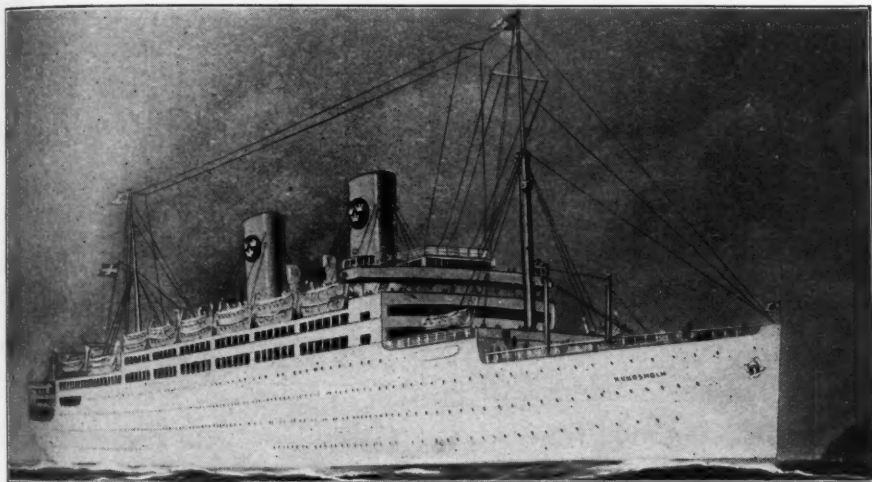
"GRIPSHOLM"

Length 608 Feet
20,000 Tons Register

24,000 Horse Power
Displacement 26,700 Tons

Length 575 Feet
18,000 Tons Register

22,000 Horse Power
Displacement 23,600 Tons



Scandinavia's Largest and Most Modern Transatlantic Passenger Liners
Only Ships Between America and Scandinavia Carrying Passengers in First Class

Also Popular Cabin Liner DROTTNINGHOLM

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1931		1931
Aug. 1	KUNGSHOLM	July 18*
Aug. 11	DROTTNINGHOLM	July 29
Aug. 19	GRIPSHOLM	Aug. 6*
Aug. 29	KUNGSHOLM	Aug. 18
Sept. 8	DROTTNINGHOLM	Aug. 25*
Sept. 16	GRIPSHOLM	Sept. 2
Sept. 26	KUNGSHOLM	Sept. 12
Oct. 3	DROTTNINGHOLM	Sept. 19*

*Calling Halifax

MINIMUM PASSAGE RATES

To or from Gothenburg, Copenhagen, Oslo, Bergen, etc.

M.S. "Kungsholm" and M.S. "Gripsholm"	
First Class....\$195.00	Second Cabin....\$145.00
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Los Angeles, Cal.1043 South Broadway
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New York's Scandinavian Music Restaurant

163 West 48th Street, near Seventh Avenue

Lunch with Swedish Smörgåsbord \$1.00

Dinner with Swedish Smörgåsbord \$1.75

A La Carte all Day Concert Orchestra

SHIPPING NOTES

(Continued from page 510)

NORWAY LAUNCHES NEW MOTOR TANKER IN DENMARK

The steamship company Moltzau Tankrederi, of Oslo, recently christened its new motor tanker *Slemdal* with ceremonies at Odense Staalskibsværft in Denmark. The new tanker, built specially for transport of oils, is made to conform with Lloyd's Register of Shipping's highest class for such crafts. It is 423 feet long, has a width of 60 feet, and its tonnage is 10,700 dead weight. It was to be delivered finished to the company in the latter part of July.

NORWAY COMPLAINS OF LACK OF SHIPPING

The fear that prices will further be reduced on raw materials is, according to *Norges Handels og Sjøfartstidende*, the cause of the extremely small amount of shipping and the consequent low rates for cargoes. Most shipping, it is said, is done at great financial loss. Manufacturers, it is further declared, are afraid to stock up, as they fear that prices will be further reduced. They are therefore only stocking up for short time periods. There is hardly any tank shipping, and Norway has 242 ships with approximately 2,000,000 tons dead weight laid up. There is some indication that shipping of agricultural products will increase during the summer months. Lumber shipping is also giving indications of slight increases.

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SWEDEN'S NEW ICE BREAKER

With only 3,400,000 kronor put aside by the Swedish Rigsdag for the construction of the new ice breaker *Ymer*, it has now been found that it will be impossible to make this boat from Swedish raw materials. Marineförvaltningen, under whose supervision the craft will be constructed, has therefore asked the four Swedish shipyards, who are competing for the construction of the ice breaker, to submit new figures, based on prices of materials from foreign markets.

NEW NORWEGIAN MOTOR FREIGHTER

Agdesidens Rederi, a shipping company of Oslo, has now received its new freighter *Ravnaas* from Eriksberg Shipbuilding Company. The new motor freighter is of nearly 7,000 tons dead weight capacity and has 10 electrically driven cranes, which serve the five cargo openings. It will be run on the Mediterranean in lumber freight.

SOVIET TO PURCHASE DANISH MOTOR SHIPS

Due to the increased export trade, Russia has decided to purchase new tonnage. A commission is therefore visiting Denmark, solely for the purpose of negotiating with Danish shipbuilders. The five-year plan includes a huge increase in shipbuilding, and all Russian shipyards are working. It has been found impossible to finish the planned increase in tonnage there, especially in large types of ocean-going freighters. The commission is interviewing, in addition to the shipbuilders, owners of large new motor ships, in the hope that these may be acquired. All ships purchased will immediately be supervised by the Sovtorg, the Soviet steamship united lines.